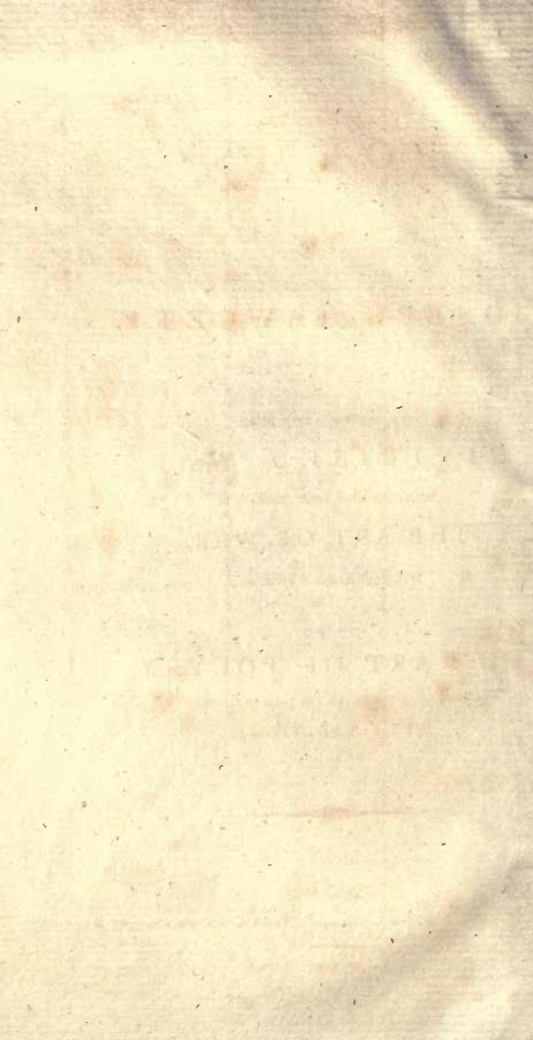


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P O E M S,

BY

JOSEPH FAWCETT.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

CIVILISED WAR,

Before published under the Title of

THE ART OF WAR,

With considerable Alterations;

AND

THE ART OF POETRY,

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS,

WITH ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

1798.

PREFACE

AN ODE

TO THE LATE

ON THE

THE ASSASSINATION

CIVIL SERVICE

THE ASSASSINATION

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PREFACE.

THE Author hopes that those, who are in possession of the Poem here entitled **CIVILISED WAR**, and whose approbation of it shall induce them to purchase this Volume, will not be sorry to find it included in the collection; as he has endeavoured to correct those faults, which an impartial attention to the strictures of his readers, so far as they have reached his knowledge, has led him to perceive in it. Its former title having occasioned a mistaken idea of its nature, prior to the perusal of it, is the reason of his having altered it. The coincidence of the Monthly's Review's preference of that which it now bears with his own original selection of it (although he was persuaded to sacrifice his judgment upon this point to that of

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a literary friend who recommended the former title to him), has determined him to recur to his first choice.

With regard to the bagatelle at the close of this volume, he takes this opportunity of rectifying a mistake respecting his meaning in the beginning of it, into which he has found one of his readers falling, and into which it is therefore possible that others may fall, although he should previously have entertained no suspicion of the possibility of such a misconception. In the passage alluded to, he has been erroneously conceived to make CORRECTNESS in poetical composition the object of his satire. He flatters himself, however, that an attentive reader (if such a trifle may be supposed entitled to an attentive perusal) will readily perceive, that it is not correctness which is there ridiculed, but productions of which correctness is the *only* or the *chief* excellence; not correctness in the abstract, but correct dulness. While he despises the notion, that negligence is among the features of Genius, he feels an equal contempt for

PREFACE.



that chilling system of criticism, most injurious to the rights of Genius, which bestows upon the page, where scarcely a fault can be detected, but where scarcely a beauty can be found, a

degree of approbation which it denies to the genuine spirit of poetry, when accompanied with marks of carelessness. He has likewise been falsely supposed by the same individual, in the second branch of the same poem, to ridicule PLAINITIVE poetry. Of that pensive strain

which flows from a melancholy mood, and is founded in social and generous sensibility, he feels the charm as much as any of its admirers; and has indulged himself in it, as this volume will discover, in no inconsiderable degree.

What he aims to expose, is that *egotism* of complaint, of which *self* is the incessant subject: and chiefly, that wail of private woe, which, as, in more instances than one, he has strong reason to suspect has been the case, is the mere *affectation* of a sorrow that is not felt; which, instead of being the vent and relief of suffering nature, is the trick of art to produce pathetic effect; which either flows from a writer whose

real feelings are sprightly, or, if it take its gloomy hue from any, derives it from a far fainter, shade of actual sadness than the deep one which it assumes. This species of plaintive poetry, at once selfish, and, in a greater or smaller degree, insincere, which he has met with, or imagines he has, in productions that, in other respects, have yielded him delight, is, he thinks, a proper subject for satire: not so much with a view to disparage the works of those who have already written in this spirit, as to prevent their poetical merit from seducing others to follow their example, and thus introduce a mournful monotony among the modern productions of the muse, instead of that variety of strain, which variety of talent and temper should naturally prompt, and from which the lovers of poetry derive diversity of entertainment. In writing that little piece, he can sincerely say, he was not actuated by the smallest tincture of illwill towards any one of the writers whom he had in his eye, for the poetical talents of some of whom he entertains the most lively respect. If his satire be found

deficient in wit, he hopes it will not be thought to want good humour. That was the feeling of his mind in penning every line of it; a regard to the interests of poetry and taste was his sole inducement to undertake it; it is the first composition of the kind he has ever written, and, as his natural dispositions lead him a totally different way, will probably be the last.

The other pieces, which compose this Volume, contain no sentiments that will do harm to the reader's heart; while the majority of them are calculated to awaken emotions that will make it better. They almost all relate to human nature and human life; and are addressed to moral sensibility, either of the softer, or the manlier kind. And, however humble a place in the scale of poetical excellence his readers shall ultimately allot him, it will ever be a source of proud satisfaction to him to remember, that the first poetical effort he submitted to the public eye, was neither a simple attempt to amuse the fancy, nor to soothe the

heart, but an indignant endeavour to tear away the splendid disguise, which it has been the business of poets, in all nations and ages, to throw over the most odious and deformed of all the practices by which the annals of what is called civilised society have been disgraced.

The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd,
To please, instruct, improve, REFORM mankind.

CHURCHILL.

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the splendid garb, which it has been the bu-
siness of poets, in all nations and ages, to throw
over the **CONTENTS.**
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ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

THE FATE OF SENSIBILITY.

—Fatis contraria fata rependens.

VIRG.

O THOU, of Nature's mental works the pride !
Made of a finer dust, with nicer art !
In whose ethereal, thrilling frame reside
The lively fancy, and the feeling heart !

Doubtful, or to lament, or hail thy doom,
The Muse, prophetic, marks thy bosom's glow :
She sees the Fates surround the mystic loom ;
They weave thee transports keen, and pungent woe.

Anxious, she hovers o'er the web the while,
Reads, as it grows, thy figur'd story there :
Now, she explains the texture with a smile,
And, now, the woof interprets with a tear.

Thine is the eye, in earth, and air, and sea,
All, or sublime or fair, that finds and feels !
All Nature's glories, all her charms, to thee
(Conceal'd from others) partial Heav'n reveals !

For thee, the dawn's fine rose-suffusion glows ;
For thee, the purple cloud of evening shines ;
Flushing, for thee, the vernal blossom blows ;
Yellowing, for thee, the sickly year declines.

'Tis thine to draw refin'd and rich delight
Or from the shaggy wild, or cultur'd plain ;
Heav'n's smiling beams, or shoots of angry light ;
Th' expansive peace, or tumult of the main.

Thine are the sprightly scenes of laughing day ;
Thine, awful midnight's solemn starry hour ;
Thine, the fresh dome on glossy pillars gay ;
And thine, the ivy-vested, mouldering tower.

To please thine ear, soft notes the linnet pours ;
And, with grand peal, the deep-ton'd thunder rolls ;
The streamlet murmurs, and the torrent roars ;
The zephyr whispers, and the tempest howls.

From each or lofty or mellifluous sound,
Each fair or awful form that strikes the sight,
In Art's wide sphere, or Nature's ample round,
'Tis thine to draw refin'd and rich delight.

Thine is the eye, that with sweet fury rolls
O'er the bright page where heroes shine again !
Where the great energies of generous souls
Repeat their glorious scorn of Death and Pain !

By Vice's side when Virtue's form is shown ;
When bold she struggles with a heat divine ;
Or on her victor looks superior down ;
Thine is the page ! the glowing leaf is thine !

Nor thy bold joys can Nature's self confine :
At Fancy's FIAT, lo ! new worlds appear !
Fine airy sounds, light airy forms are thine ;
Sacred from vulgar eye and vulgar ear.

Each shade of bliss thou own'st ;—to thee belongs
The sweet depression of the pensive hour ;
Soft sighs that please more than or festive songs,
Triumph's loud shout, or riot's wild uproar.

Blest is thy commerce with a kindred mind !
All social charms t' enrich the hour unite !
Friendship's pure effluence, feast of taste refin'd,
The force of reason, and the play of wit !

Should'ſt thou, thy fund of fofter ſoul to prove,
Find Beauty's ſeal impreſt on Virtue's ſhrine ;
And ſhould the brilliant eye that lights thy love,
On thy young hopes let fall a ray benign ;

Then ſhalt thou throw around the earth thine eye,
Nor aught that wakes thy fainteſt envy ſee ;
But, pitying all beneath this ample ſky,
Deem the wide world of bliſs compreſt in thee !

Fair, in thy field of life, theſe joys appear :
Ah ! that unmix'd the lovely harveſt grew !
But Nature, when ſhe ſow'd rich tranſports there,
Forth from her hand the ſeeds of anguiſh threw.

Lo ! in her cave grim Want awaits her prey !
Her frolic prey, that now no evil heeds :
Sportful in gay Profuſion's flowery way,
And thoughtleſs whither each raſh ſcotſtep leads.

The Muses' sons no knee to Mammon bend ;
No smiles from Mammon bless the Muses' train :
'Tis seldom Fortune's rays with Fancy's blend ;
Ill suit the arts of song with arts of gain !

Each pulse for costly transport beating high ;
Nor knowing on Distress to close thy door ;
Won by each firen note, and plaintive sigh ;
Howe'er it swell'd, full soon shall melt thy store !

Then, should not forward eager Friendship seek
Thy coy despair, resolv'd thine head to raise,
Fast fades thine eye, and swiftly wastes thy cheek,
And Woe's last friend her beckon soon obeys !

Silent thou lay'st thee down, resign'd to die ;
Aid, but of Death, too stately to implore :
No hand of thine, proud sufferer, e'er shall try
Want's faint and fearful knock at Grandeur's door.

If ills like these, from thy warm, heedless youth,
With watchful shield, thy guardian Genius ward,
Thy social tenderness, thy social truth,
Ah ! who from social agonies shall guard ?

All pale, I view thee, hanging o'er the bed,
Where he thou long had'st valued, breathless lies !
To wake the dust thou wilt not know is dead,
Thy frantic grief, with wildest effort, tries !

The venom'd tooth that honied lips conceal,
Which wounds each breast that takes the serpent in,
Whose cruel bite e'en torpid bosoms feel,
Oh ! the keen torment it shall dart thro' thine !

But chiefly shall thy throbbing bosom prove,
How Torture's vultures hearts like thine can tear,
If she, whose powerful charms have won thy love,
Prove unpropitious to thy gentle prayer !

Or should the faithless sunshine of her eye
Lure tender hope its timid bud to show,
Soon to shrink back from cold inconstancy,
By chill, inclement frowns forbid to blow ;

Or, foe of love, should some malignant star,
Thy mistress, kind in vain and vainly true,
From thine extended arms for ever bar,
And with relentless hate your loves pursue ;

Then, nor shall various scene, nor lonely sighs,
Nor Friendship's tongue, nor Wit's nor Wisdom's
page,

Nor all the charm the heavenly Muse supplies,
Thy breast's tempestuous sorrows soon assuage !

For thee, quick kindling at each fairer beam,
To whom the glowing, burning soul is giv'n,
For thee, all trembling in each dire extreme,
Love has no mean—'tis madness, or 'tis heav'n !

But, oh ! whate'er the lowering cloud of woe
That veils life's beauteous sunshine from thy sight,
Though stern Adversity around thee throw
The deepest shadows of her tragic night ;

In Horror's blackest hour, the hand restrain,
Wild service that would yield to mad Despair,
The pointed steel with impious purple stain,
Or for death-thirsty lips the draught prepare.

ELEGY II.

THE CALAMITIES OF LOVE.

*Written soon after the tragical catastrophes of the Rev.
Mr. Hackman and Major André.*

—Tanquam hæc fit nostri medicina furoris :

Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.

VIRG.

BEAUTY, sweet despot ! at whose rosy throne,
With fond obeisance, bows the willing earth ;
Whose yoke the brave, whose sway the scepter'd,
own ;
Say, did the gods, in anger, give thee birth ?

But to destroy, bright angel, wert thou sent ?
The lovely plague, alluring scourge of Heav'n !
Was that soft eye, to scatter torments, meant ?
Were those sweet smiles, to kindle anguish, giv'n ?

Say, with severe intent, hath Nature fram'd
Of all her works the fairest as the last?
Hath she the lily's white, in vengeance, sham'd?
In wrath, the morning's purple hues surpass?

How oft, red glaring with consuming fire,
Has Discord's torch been lighted at thine eye!
For thee hath fiercely burn'd fraternal ire;
And Friendship chang'd to sharpest enmity!

O'ersheltering long the blissful private scene,
See, disappears the Olive's lovely shade!
Farewel fair smiles! adieu the sweet serene!
Lo! Fury's lightening eye, and thirsty blade!

From tubes oppos'd explosions dire resound!
The curling smoke pollutes the rural air!
Ah! see the sinking youth! the flowing wound!
Why wert thou form'd, contested maid, so fair?

To green retreats, not gentle sighs alone,
And soft despondence, Love's sad slave has borne:
Thither, with murderous hate the wretch has flown!
There the dark frown of vengeful anger worn!

There, not alone on the tree's letter'd rind,
The pointed steel has Beauty's pow'r confest ;
Her fatal empire o'er the captive mind,
Other than sylvan wounds have oft exprest.

Of mournful ghosts, lo ! yonder fullen groupe !
Successless love consum'd their youthful bloom :
The sighing parent mark'd them ceaseless droop ;
And wept in anguish o'er their early tomb.

Oft has Eclipse his raven shadow thrown,
Where orient Health display'd her freshest ray ;
With brightest beam where dawning Genius shone ;
And morning Virtue shed her clearest day.

View the sad victim ! where are now the fires,
Kindled at Heav'n, that once illum'd his look ?
That drooping breast no more the Muse inspires :
At once of Joy, and Peace, and Hope, forsook.

Ah ! why did Fate permit his heedless eye
The graces of an heavenly form to trace ?
Or why, the lovely wonder seen, deny
That heavenly form to his devout embrace ?

What lenient herb his throbbing wound can ease?
His faded health what healing spring restore?
No more can Fancy's fairest visions please,
Nor Friendship's kindest accent sooth him more.

Yet with what rapture once that bosom glow'd!
In his blest path what flowers did Fancy strew!
Ere yet at scornful Beauty's shrine he bow'd;
Ere yet the pang of slighted love he knew.

No tears he shed, save pity's soothing tear:
No sighs he breath'd, save pity's pleasing sigh:
Joy's sweetest roses bloom'd all round his year,
And life's most golden sunshine dress'd his sky.

'Tis past.—Gay transport fires his breast no more!
Farewel the peace which once his bosom knew!
The charm of life, the smile of youth, is o'er;
And each rich picture Hope's wild pencil drew.

Not him, whose mild dejection's fleeting mood,
Pensive, attends the tuneful bird of eve;
Whose light-felt woe, in lenient solitude,
Voluptuous sighs console, and tears relieve;

Not him who, fond o'er night's still scenes to rove,
With cherish'd sadness smiles upon the moon ;
Or vents, in soothing plaints, a languid love,
Where sylvan glooms exclude the flaring noon ;

Not him I mourn : it is not he has bled :
I mourn whose deeper love endures despair ;
Who, sick of life, and to all comfort dead,
Heaves no sweet sigh, nor sheds one pleasing tear.

At dead of night, the lightening's pale blaze shows
His paler face ; along the blasted heath,
Wild as the storm, the man of trouble goes,
Eyes the black cloud, and courts the bolt of death !

In vain, for him, morn lifts her smiling light ;
In vain, for him, ascends the radiant day :
No dawn within him knows the unvaried night ;
Impervious e'en to comfort's twilight ray.

No friend's familiar face he seems to know ;
Nor will his sullen tongue to aught reply :
In listless absence lost, absorb'd in woe,
Nor heeds he what is said, nor who is by.

But ah ! what means his sudden-alter'd look ?
The frightful smile that grimly lights his face ?
What were the sounds his lips' quick motion spoke ?
And whither darts he, in that hurried pace ?

Fly after him, ye angels of the good !
Pursue his steps, and shield his soul from ill !
He seeks the centre of the wide-spread wood,
Whose pensive shades hang on yon tumid hill :—
See ! lightens, mid the glooms, the spark-touch'd
grain !

The frightened echoes a dread burst repeat !
Soon, in that sad recess, some trembling swain
Finds vanquish'd Reason's pierc'd and shatter'd seat !

To pensive Memory's ruminating eye,
The recent scenes of tragic love arise !
Scarce yet the public tears, they drew, are dry ;
From Pity's lip scarce parted yet the sighs !

At yon full theatre the chariot waits ;—
Its mistress comes * ;—the torches light her way ;—
Gay smiles the nymph ;—as darkly lower the
Fates ;—

But one short moment shall that face be gay :

* Miss Reay.

Hark ! with dire found the long Piazza rings !
Down sinks the maid ! amazement chills the throng !
Ah ! what is man, when jealous fury stings ?
Thy murderer, fair one, was thy lover long !

And when shall gentle hearts the tale forget
Of him † whose bark the vast Atlantic plough'd ;
Studious to lose, in battle's furious heat,
Love's milder flames, and find an early shroud.

For she, the maid whom more than life he loves,
By one more blest, to Hymen's bower is led :
Farewel, for ever then, my native groves !
I go to perish where the valiant bled.

Too soon he falls : but not as fall the brave :
Oblivious darkness blot th' inglorious day !
Sad Pity sits and weeps upon his grave ;
While blushing Honour turns his eye away.

† Major André.

ELEGY III.

THE MISERIES OF A GUILTY MIND.

Cur tamen hos tu
 Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
 Mens habet attonitos, et furdo verberare cædit
 Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum ?

Juv.

SEEST thou yon spacious park whose swelling trees,
 In groupes irregularly pleasing, rise,
 O'er land that heaves and falls with happiest ease,
 And long allures the pausing traveller's eyes ?

Seest thou yon maim'd old man, whose patient tread
 Speaks the worn pilgrim ; brown with many a sun ;
 In rags of dull obliterated red,
 That haply witness'd long past battles won !

Hear'st thou—as halts the reverend cripple now ;
 As his dim eyes the stately feat descry ;
 (Shaking the thin white hairs that streak his brow ;)
 Hear'st thou the hoary veteran breathe a sigh ?

Thou think'st he envies: true, *he* owns *no* home;
True, tho' his youth was brave, his age wants bread;
Than heav'n's high arch he boasts no other dome;
Than earth's green lap he knows no other bed.

Thou think'st he envies: No;—from *pity* rose
That deep-drawn sigh; the breath of generous pain!
Full well the houseless, friendless wanderer knows,
An heavier heart than his yon walls contain.

'Tis CRUEL guilt those stately walls reward!
'Tis CONSCIOUS guilt that pines amid its prize!
Wages of deeds that pardon's door have barr'd,
Bloom in those woods, in those high turrets rise!

The patient sky's calm sufferance cease to blame,
That lets him thus in smiling Eden dwell:
No angel need, with sword of awful flame,
The tenant of those prosperous shades expel.

He is ejected from his blissful bow'rs;
No bliss for him the sweet alcoves contain:
In vain, for him, Spring paints her fairest flow'rs;
And the broad umbrage spreads, for him, in vain.

Invoke no vengeful fire from heav'n, to finite
 The sylvan honours of his beauteous lands :
 Sear'd by thy light'ning, Conscience, in *his* sight,
 All the dry scene one blasted ruin stands !

To thee, 'tis sweet to mark this wavy ground,
 Here swell in hills, and there in vales decline ;
 But ah ! to him 'tis desert all around !
 It is not *his*, the fair domain is *thine* !

To the retiring patriot's vacant hour
 What soft repose these quiet shades would lend !
 How sweetly his unbending mind embower,
 And sooth to private ease the public friend !

Hither the laurel'd writer might retreat,
 Whose honest pen obtains him just applause ;
 And, pleas'd, reflect, in this elysian seat,
 On errors quell'd, and Truth's advancing cause !

Wand'ring with leisure step these glades along,
 Here too in peace might private Worth retire ;
 To taste the page of knowledge or of song,
 Wipe neighbouring tears, and bliss around inspire !

Here, in life's sober ev'ning, how serene
Might virtuous Age the blameless day review !
And calmly hope, while autumn fades the green,
That fading man shall his lost bloom renew.

Or, in life's rapturous morn, from grove to grove,
With careless step, young Innocence might stray ;
And sweep, with idle hand, the lyre of love ;
Or in romantic visions waste the day.

But in what region smiles that witching spot,
Can still a conscience-goaded wretch's groans ?
The dreadful past shall never be forgot,
E'en here, by him who this elysium owns !

Intruding terrors, in this sweet retreat,
Thro' all the screening shades their passage force :
These trees shall shelter him from summer's heat,
Shut out his suns, but ne'er exclude remorse.

By these pure gales, these balmy zephyrs fed,
Her bloom on others Health would here bestow :
His cheek, alas ! remains a sterile bed,
Where her fair roses still refuse to blow.

These bowery solitudes, to others dear,
 Where Peace may 'scape from noise, and hide from
 noon.

To him are lost, who, froze with guilty fears,
 Dares not to think, and dreads to be alone.

'Tis nought to him, that thro' embracing boughs
 The piercing sun scarce finds a scanty way,
 O'er the dark path a fritter'd splendour throws,
 Sprinkling the sylvan night with drops of day.

These woods contain no Dryads for *his* dreams ;
 No dancing Graces press his velvet green :
 Nor Naiads lave them in his silver streams :
 Far other airy people haunt the scene !

Far other shapes than classic Fancy please,
 Far other than poetic visions rise !
 Pale injur'd forms, the trembling wanderer sees,
 Glide thro' his shades, and fix reproachful eyes !

Oft has attentive Pity mark'd his walks ;
 And watch'd each sign that speaks the troubled breast ;
 He starts at nothing ! and to nothing talks !
 Nor e'er are seen his busy lips to rest !

His roving foot oft sudden will he stay
And long time stand, as to the earth he grew ;
Sudden he wakes, and hurries on his way,
And his quick steps announce what thoughts pursue!

A slave behind him, constant as his shade,
From solitude his mute protector, treads :
Ill fares the coward of himself afraid !
No guard can e'er repulse the foes he dreads.

The social band has seen him absent sit ;
Heard the stol'n sigh the bosom's load betray ;
Of sickly gladness mark'd the languid fit ;
And mark'd the mournful struggle to be gay.

Less biting cares th' oblivious bowl has drown'd ;
His keener sorrows find no Lethe there :
They wake, when wine, and mirth, and song go
round,
Break the gay circle, nor the raptures share.

Fast gnaws the inward worm its withering prey ;
The fading face reveals the mortal pain ;
The wide-spread pomp is passing swift away ;
Thy pensive eye shall seek him soon in vain.

ELEGY IV.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Auro conciliatur amor.

OVID.

WHERE yonder ivy clasps Religion's dome,
And in its vest of solemn green attires;
Where the high grafs looks down on man's last
home,
And each base weed above him proud aspires;

A youth is laid, who long ne'er knew to close
Those eyes, that now are clos'd for ever there:
No more in Virtue's cause his bosom glows;
No more on Misery drops his honest tear.

Mild as the breath that fans the vernal sky,
His soul, Benevolence, was all thine own!
Open as day, in his ingenuous eye,
Th' unclouded rays of guileless candour shone!

'Twas not in anxious friendship's soothing aid,
'Twas not in potent med'cine's lenient art,
Of fixt despair to raise the drooping head,
To heal the bruises of a wounded heart.

He heard not him whose words essay'd to save,
Or gloomy smil'd at Comfort's idle breath;
Loathing his food, and longing for his grave,
He nurs'd the dreadful appetite of death.

Shy and unsocial was he wont to roam,
With careless hand attir'd, in crazy mood;
All heedless, or of hours, or friends, or home,
The polish'd savage of the shaggy wood.

Unwarn'd by dewy nights' descending shade,
(Ah ! 'tis not sickness hardy Sorrow fears !)
Unwearied with his way, the rambler stray'd,
And liv'd on Mis'ry's bitter meat, his tears !

His ardent heart for one too lovely burn'd ;
By one too fair that ardent heart was broke ;
He felt the transport of a love return'd ;
He felt the torment of a heart forsook.

He knew her in her childhood's artless day ;
Him of the tiny throng she lov'd the best ;
Her infant favours blest'd the hour of play,
The fairy mistress of his baby breast.

Then, to her little fav'rite was she true ;
Successful, then, each cherub rival strove ;
With growing years the mutual fondness grew,
Till ripen'd Beauty's blush proclaim'd it love.

Yet with that blush, to Beauty's self that lent
A dearer charm and more bewitching grace,
The artless smile of undisguis'd consent
Beam'd sweetly forth, and shar'd an angel face !

Oh, transports pure ! that wings ye had not worn !
Fleeting, as pure ! for, ah, too swift ye flew !
Full soon the lover (with what anguish torn !)
Found the fair object of his trust untrue.

A suitor came ; Fortune's high plumes he bore ;
All gay in Fortune's sumptuous car he came ;
Of all seducing wealth a boundless store
Lent a resistless splendour to his claim.

On the bright claim each dazzled parent smil'd,
Of rapturous love the wild romance deride,
Seduce with specious words their yielding child,
And fling the garb of prudence o'er their pride.

With filial rev'rence Vanity conspir'd;
Visions of Grandeur to her fancy rise!
The glittering phantom soon her bosom fir'd,
And Truth's chaste colours fade before her eyes.

Now, to her mind a mournful form appears!
Reproach and mute despair possess his face!
Now, pomp's bright shapes, returning, dry her tears,
And from the scene the injur'd phantom chase.

Thenceforth to him, sad exile from her eyes,
Heav'n's lightsome vault seem'd Horror's dreary
cave:

Of her's bereft, no smile of earth or skies
Could lure his wish from yonder peaceful grave!

Soon of that sacred tower each leaping bell
Proclaim'd another's triumph to his ear;
Of each fond hope extinct he heard the knell!
The festive sounds insulted his despair!

But heal'd are all his wounds : his woes are past :
Still lies his quiet heart to move no more :
The agitated thing has stopp'd at last,
And giv'n its wild tumultuous beatings o'er.

Yonder he lies ;—the grass has cloth'd his grave :
Ah ! 'tis the grave alone consoles Despair !
There, fair deserter, has thy tranquil slave
Forgot thy face, nor knows that thou art fair.

Sad penitent ! too late thy tears deplore
A loss, life's brilliant scenes can ne'er supply :
Full soon the baseless joys of pride are o'er :
The Muse has heard thee, 'mid thy splendours, sigh !

Not stately roofs, nor India's rich array ;
Nor public admiration's flatt'ring eye ;
Nor blaze of tapers, nor the concourse gay ;
Nor all the breath of warbling Italy ;

Have power to heal the lacerated breast,
By keen regret of love's lost pleasures torn !
Have power to charm that living pang to rest
Which mourns a faithful lover left forlorn !

Of crowns and garlands could the showy pride
Console the pagan victim's ebbing life?
Could sweetest odours sooth it as it died?
Or incense soften the keen-pointed knife?

Inhuman fathers! who to Hymen's fane
The lovely victims of your av'rice lead;
Deck'd by your mocking hands with trappings vain,
To writhè in ribbands, and in pomp to bleed,

ELEGY V.

THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

Sufficit, et longum probitas perdurat in ævum;
Perque suos annos hinc bene pendet amor.

OVID.

THE laughing Delia, free from every care,
Leads the light dance, and scorns Horatio's pain :
On airy Florio smiles the partial fair,
The softest trifler of her idle train.

No tender pains the easy Florio knows ;
Ne'er generous tear in Florio's eye was seen :
Yet from his tongue the polish'd accent flows ;
And all the graces meet to form his mien.

Mistaken maid ! ah, say, will easy air,
And courtly phrase, thine orb of bliss complete ?
Suffice to soothe thee in thine hour of care ?
And make retirement's sober moments sweet ?

Ah ! soon the stolen tear, the lonely sigh;
Deluded fair, full oft shalt thou renew ;
When the gay youth that glitters in thine eye,
Too late thou find'st untender and untrue.

It is not he, that most harmonious moves ;
The graceful master of the mazy dance ;
Whose manag'd eye, as o'er the fair it roves,
With art unerring, aims the meaning glance ;

It is not he, can life's whole bliss impart :
Beneath thy pressure that weak stay shall bend :
Oh, fondly seek, to prop thy leaning heart,
The manly lover who includes the friend !

On him, with safe dependence, rest thy mind :
That pillar ne'er the tender weight shall fail :
Thy tendril heart, round worth's firm column
twin'd,
Shall clasp support when rudest winds assail.

Seek not the idle hand, expert to place
The flow'ry garland on thy festive brow ;
Be that thy search, which from thy tearful face,
With gentlest touch, shall wipe the flowing woe.

Not him, reclin'd in careless bow'rs, that knows
Into the pipe its softest soul t' infuse ;——
Who best can whisper to thy throbbing woes
Comfort's sweet words, let wise affection choose.

Oh, hear not him that kneels with happiest grace,
And clasps his hands with most theatric air,
With smoothest praise extols that beauteous face,
In softest accent tells thee, Thou art fair ;

Hear who his tale with glowing plainness frames,
With speechless breaks and unembellish'd phrase ;
Or whose soft sighs betray his hidden flames,
And eyes in silence eloquently gaze.

The liquid splendour from thine eye that flows,
Thy polish'd brow, ask not who *now* admires ;
That blooming form, while yet with youth it glows,
Enquire not whose fond ardour *now* desires ;

Ask who, when Time has quench'd that dazzling
eye,

And marr'd the smoothness of that glassy brow,
And on that cheek bade all the roses die ;
Who *then* will love thee as he loves thee now.

Yet wide from him thine erring wishes stray :

Yet not for him the Fates those beauties mean :

Far from thine ear he bears his sighs away,

To seek oblivion where thy form's unseen.

ELEGY VI.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF
EARLY LIFE.

Heu ! serò revocatur juvena.

TIBULL.

HAIL, loveliest scene these eyes have e'er survey'd !
Where my gay childhood innocently grew ;
Where oft my feet with truant pastime play'd,
And my warm youth life's freshest pleasures knew !

Roll back, ye hasty suns, and bring again
Those days of gold, then stand for ever still !
Ere thro' my frame had pierc'd the shaft of pain ;
Ere my warm spirits care had learn'd to chill.

Delightful Hope ! gay, laughing prophets !
The flattering painter of Futurity !
That told't me I should feel unmingled bliss ;
Come, tell me o'er again the charming lie !

D

Repeat that tale I heard of days to come ;
All rich with bright impossibilities !
Walks always smooth, and flowers of lasting bloom,
And thornless roses, and unclouded skies !

Wild, wanton promiser ! that told't this breast,
This trusting breast, it ne'er should taste of pain ;
By smiling Fates with boundless love carest !
The charming lie, come, tell me o'er again !

Return that health which bloom'd without my care ;
Came uninvok'd, and, though neglected, staid :
Which ask'd nor lenient herb, nor fount, nor air,
Contemn'd all danger, and despis'd all aid.

Again, my bosom glow as then it glow'd ;
When round I look'd, and felt that all was fair !
When high on rapture's eagle-wing I rode ;
Tower'd to the sun, and spurn'd the clouds of care !

Those slumbers found again my senses bind,
That made but one sweet instant all my night ;
That heard nor barking cur, nor howling wind,
Nor Time's deep, solemn toll proclaim his flight.

And, oh ! the fervours, Heav'n, renew, that ran
Through my young nerves, (sensation all divine !)
Ere broke that golden dream which shew'd me man,
Not fairer in his form, than pure within.

Ere yet Surprise had made her fearful start,
As hell-born Villainy first meets the view !
That smoothest smiles oft mask a frowning heart,
Ere yet my blissful inexperience knew

Give me again in all men to confide ;
Again suspicion from my breast be driv'n ;
Still would I view my kind with gen'rous pride,
And deem the word of man the word of Heav'n.

And take once more your turn, ecstatic days !
When life's vast curtain rose, and blest'd my view !
Lo ! the gay plumes, the spangles, and the blaze !
All wondrous bright, enchanting all, and new !

Move my still breast, sweet Novelty, again !
Again with wild delight my passions dance !
Return the bounding heart, the fever'd brain,
Return the years of transport and romance !

But, chief, that sweet surprise restore me, Fate,
Young Fancy felt in Academia's hall;
The muse of Rome and Greece as first she met,
And each quick passion own'd her mighty call!

On the bright plains when FEAR first bent her gaze,
Where, back'd by gods, immortal heroes strove!
At dead of night, view'd Ilium's funeral blaze,
And shook, with heav'n, beneath the nod of Jove!

When first young PITY wept with Hector's wife,
As her fall'n hero to her sight appears;
Saw Ajax' sword case it's griev'd lord of life;
And swell'd the flood of exil'd Ovid's tears;

And trac'd that flagging jav'lin's languid flight,
An old man's trembling anger faintly threw;
Mock'd by the foe, 'who, in a father's fight,
The flying son, with barb'rous fury, flew:

Saw him, o'er scepter'd subjects that had reign'd,
Of all vast Asia that had worn the crown,
An headless corse, unburied on the sand,
By no one honour'd, and to no one known!

And shar'd his sigh, who, in the myrtle grove,
The unforgiving fair obscurely knew ;
From him (too late return'd) who fled her love,
Cold, in her turn, the scornful shadow flew :

Tho' woo'd with tears, the phantom shot away,
Nor injur'd Beauty's stately silence broke ;
Heedless of all he now would idly say,
T' excuse the fails that her kind shore forsook,

And give me, Nature, once again to prove,
Those dear, delirious, agitated days,
When woke within me first the throb of love,
And radiant Beauty dazzled first my gaze !

Soft idle hours ! when Reason sat retir'd,
And Fancy o'er me all her influence threw !
When, save what Laura's changeful eyes inspir'd,
No hopes I cherish'd, and no fears I knew !

Resume, blest Lunacy, thy pleasing sway !
Return the wild delight,—the pensive sigh,—
The airy sonnet,—and the plaintive lay,—
The moonlight walk,—and sweetly sleepless eye !

Enchanted grounds ! o'er which I vacant stray'd,
In bowers of fragrance where I careless sat,
While more than earthly music round me play'd,
To a sad outcast ope again your gate !

Ah ! swift-wing'd joys ! for ever, ever, flown !
Ah, fruitless revocation, fond and vain !
Adieu, blest days, that must but once be known !
Farewel, delights, I may not taste again !

Come, Virtue, when all other joys retreat,
Still constant found ! and, smiling Friendship, come !
And beauteous Truth !—now gaudier beams have
set,
Gild, with your mild and lunar rays, my gloom.

ELEGY VII.

SOLITUDE.

At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita.

VIRG.

HAIL, sacred Solitude, ordain'd by Heav'n,
 The nurse of Wisdom, and the friend of Woe!
 Oh, give a bosom, which thou oft hast giv'n,
 Thy high, mysterious pleasures still to know.

Still let thy silent train my call obey;
 Wild Fancy, whom nor earth nor air confines;
 With heavenly Truth, whom robes of light array;
 And Virtue, throbbing with sublime designs!

To thee I fly from folly and from noise:
 Far sweeter is thy shade than tinsel show!
 Ah! ne'er may guilt disturb thy peaceful joys,
 Cloud thy sweet smile, and change thee to a foe!

Yet not the face of lov'd mankind I fly;
 Yet not to cloisters, nor to caves I go;
 In mean inglorious indolence to lie,
 No more to bind the bleeding heart of Woe.

No sour misanthropy this bosom steels ;
No spleen has o'er it flung its ugly stain :
Long has it felt, and still it deeply feels,
The social pleasure, and the social pain.

Ne'er, Nature, let me take my fullen flight
From the sweet duties of the social sphere :
Ne'er, Misery, let me banish from my sight,
While I can wipe it off, thy piteous tear.

And sweet as is the light, lone Reason pours,
And sweet though Fancy's airy ramblings be,
Ill can I brook to lose the golden hours,
Immortal Friendship, that are crown'd by thee !

Let him, I trusted, prove my judgment weak ;
The mouth that ate my bread, assail my name ;
The haunts of men I still must fondly seek,
Nor all the race, with rash injustice blame.

Yet will not warm Philanthropy forbid,
Yet shall not Friendship lure me to forego,
Those silent ecstasies that, oft, when hid
From all but Heav'n, within my bosom glow !

Yes, hours there are, when not the polish'd tongue,
Like thy sweet sounds, O Solitude, can please !
Thy lulling insect-hum, wild woodland song,
Soul-soothing turtle, and peace-whispering breeze !

With such companions let me careless stray,
When eve's long shades adorn the yellow scene ;
My fancy vivid as her golden ray, —
My passions as her softest breath serene !

By wrath unruffled, unobscur'd by care,
All calm within, and clear as azure day,
The past unspotted, and the future fair,
Up yonder hill I'll wind my blissful way.

Thence, as mine eyes o'er the bright landscape stray,
Hills, vales, and flocks, and streams, and meads, and
groves ;
Mildly magnificent and chaste gay ;
Rich in the hues and lines that Fancy loves ;
Thence, list'ning to the joys that load the gale ;
The warbled song each echoing grove that fills ;
The bleat ascending from the fleecy vale ;
The low soft swelling from a thousand hills :

To thee, fair Source of all the touching scene!
On kindling rapture's wing of fire, to thee,
My soul shall mount, whose potent smile serene
Bad joy exist, and all this beauty be!

Then, while I hail each meaner creature blest,
O'er man, the joyless lord of all below,
One tear shall fall; for he hath sold his rest
For splendid indigence and dazzling woe!

O'er them I'll weep, who, vex'd with guilt or care,
From thy bright scenes where countless beauties
shine,

Oh Nature! fly to Art's nocturnal glare,
And deem her theatres more fair than thine!

And ye, that haste to Grandeur's dazzling rays,
Shall have my sigh! light, airy, thoughtless, things,
That fondly hover round the dangerous blaze,
Soon the consuming fire shall catch your wings!

Then let me praise the Power that made my lot
A frugal board beneath an humble shed:
No harpy cares come nigh the sacred cot;
No shafts are level'd at the lowly head.

When my pleas'd eyes have drank the smiling scene,
Ye woods, whose glooms relieve each wanton light,
Clothing yon ambient hills with woolly green,
Long o'er my path let fall your leafy night!

Your outward wealth the eye unwilling leaves:
Phalanx of foliage! Vast, embodied shade!
Tree swells o'er tree, o'er tumour tumour heaves,
Of crowded hillocks like a boundless bed.

In your deep glooms I'll muse on truth sublime,
Till virtue's stronger beat high throbs within:
And oft in Fancy's light-wheel'd chariot climb
To spheres where woes nor errors e'er have been.

And oft the glowing moment, Nature, give,
When, every nerve in tune, each pulse at play,
In love with life, in love with all that live,
The bounding heart spurns each base care away!

Then fairest forms, then loveliest visions rise!
Omnific Fancy speaks;—lo, holy light
Breaks thro' the dark, and, rich in orient dies,
A new creation charms the mental sight!

And oft, light glancing o'er innumerable themes,
With playful wing shall wanton reason stray ;
While sense, awake amid my lightsome dreams,
Hails the mild verdure of my bowery way.

Thus wandering on in round return, as home,
Emerging from the circling woods, I go,
Sweet change ! to still retreat and sylvan gloom,
Succeeds, (a sudden scene,) the town below !

Its clustering roofs of dusky red I hail ;
Its column'd smoke flow wreathing up the sky ;
Grey tower and taper spire ; while every gale
Wafts mingled sounds of dear society.

Hail, murmuring hive, that holds my little cell !
Children of men, with fond delight I hear
Your hum arise ! ah never let me dwell,
Where those lov'd sounds may not salute mine ear.

ELEGY VIII.

WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,

Labuntur anni.

HOR.

YE gladsome bells, how misapplied your peal !
 A day, like this, requires a solemn chime :
 Infatuate mortals ! why, with sportive heel,
 Dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time ?

Is he your foe, that thus ye ring his knell ?
 That festive notes announce his awful flight ?
 Tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell,
 How swift the wing that wafts your last, long night ?

While circling years o'er thoughtless myriads roll,
 Long folly but to lend, and length of shame,
 Ye metal tongues, swing slow with mournful toll,
 Virtue's departed seasons to proclaim !

Sons of Delay ! whose duties, yet undone,
Await, from year to year, your hand in vain,
Drown, drown that brazen music with a groan !
The years ye lost shall ne'er be yours again !

ELEGY IX.

OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF SEVERAL VALUED FRIENDS, WHOSE DEATHS SPEEDILY FOLLOWED EACH OTHER.

Tenues fugit, ceu fumus, in auras.

VIRG.

YE fleeting forms, which Friendship's arms inclose,
From their warm circle quick ye glide away !
Scarce have we lov'd your image, ere we lose :
It stands, but while there's time to wish its stay.

Lamented objects of my lorn esteem !
Where are ye now, ye vanish'd visions, where ?
Loose as the liquid texture of a dream,
Ye melted, from my mock'd embrace, to air !

To the fond sight but one short instant shown,
To be perceiv'd, approv'd, and disappear !
Strange apparitions ! whither are ye flown ?
For corp'ral, palpable, and warm ye were !

Ah ! sure they were not empty shapes I knew,
But certain forms, that more than seem'd to be ;
It was not air to which my bosom grew ;
They were not phantoms I was wont to see.

I felt them substance ; felt them fervent glow ;
Saw speculation in their beaming eyes ;
Heard from their lips life's mellow accent flow ;
And mark'd, like mine, their human passions rise.

Yes, once they were : and are they *nothing* now ?
Has *all* they were, for ever ceas'd to be ?
No more do those fair minds with virtue glow,
That shed their virtuous beams no more on me ?

Is living soul but one fleet moment lent ?
And that which beats and THINKS in human kind,
But dust, whose wild and casual ferment
Shoots into fits of life, and starts of mind ?

Are POWERS that feel, how fair is Nature's face ;
This beauteous frame of things that curious scan ?
Its various parts inspect, compare, and class ;
And trace, through all, unerring Wisdom's plan ;

POWERS, not alone that what *appears* perceive,
That things *unseen*, by forceful inference, see ;
Or, skill'd from *nothing* airy worlds to weave,
With potent call, can bid what is not be !

POWERS, at the magic of whose rousing voice,
The past's relenting tomb what *was* restores !
The shades awake of long departed joys,
And Time gives back again his buried hours !

Are THESE but works of blindly labouring clay ?
Wrought up, by chance, to reason's glorious light ?
That, kindling to a flash of mental day,
With quick extinction, die again to night ?

It is not so : they cannot be extinct :
Such sacred essence ne'er can shrink to nought :
Who boasts the power on moral themes to think,
O'er moral themes shall roll immortal thought.

Yes, ye, that, kept by Memory's wondrous skill,
So firm in her retentive tablet stay,
As firmly fixt abide in being still ;
Fram'd to endure, ye ne'er shall pass away.

'Tis not alone your lov'd ideas wear,
Warm in this heart, their colours undecay'd;
Preserv'd by Heav'n with corresponding care,
Ye hold, yourselves, a bloom that shall not fade.

To this fair hope my trusting bosom clings:
Nought from its hold shall wrench my fast belief;
For sweet the balm, the bleeding heart it brings,
When Friendship's tomb inspires the virtuous grief.

ELEGY X.

MORTALITY AND HOPE *.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et alium

Quæ rapit hora diem.

HOR.

YE short-liv'd flowers, though swift ye pass away,
Compassion weeps not o'er your withering state:
Ye fade, but all unconscious of decay;
Ye fall, but fear not, as ye drop, your fate.

Nor yet, ye wildly tuneful, plummy throng,
Plains my sad lay, o'er your mortality!
Though Death's black hour so soon must end your
 song,
Careless ye sing, not know that hour is nigh.

* The author is aware that two elegies, of a similar complexion, may have an ill effect; but, as the following originated in different feelings from those which gave birth to the last, and contains a different train of thought, he hopes the reader will forgive him for having added it.

Nor mourn I you, ye flocks, though brief your life :
What though to-morrow ye be doom'd to bleed?
To-day your blifs is pure ; no shadowy knife
Haunts your serene contentment as ye feed.

Stretch'd on the grafs ye view your brother lie,
Bereav'd of motion and devoid of breath ;
Heedless ye pafs the prostrate carcase by,
Or stupid gaze, nor understand the death.

'Tis man alone demands the Muse's figh ;
O'er man her pity fheds its tenderest shower :
Of all the countless tribes that round him die,
The only prophet of his final hour !

In each shrunk leaf he fees the flower display,
Each falling fun that finks to ocean's bed,
He notes how swift his bloom shall fade away !
He marks how low his glory shall be laid !

In Art's or Nature's fading kingdom shown,
Each sad decline that meets his pensive eye,
(Expressive hint and picture of his own !)
Draws, as he views it, from his breast a figh !

To him who, thus, to life's approaching close,
Is doom'd his mournful prospect to extend,
Ah, sure, in justice, equal Nature owes
A life where Foresight shall descry no end!

Can this short span of being be his all?
Must minds, whose wishes shoot beyond the tomb,
Dash their bruis'd frames against Confinement's
wall,
And droop, the prisoners of so scant a room?

Say, must I toil, year following year, to flay,
In all their coarser or their subtler forms,
The various follies on my peace that prey,
Only at length to fall the prey of worms?

When love of knowledge most intense shall glow,
When most I value reason's precious light,
Then, must I cease, for ever cease, to know?
Then, reason's lamp go out in endless night?

Heav'n's beauteous works, with clearer view sur-
vey'd,
When with devouter awe mine eyes adore,
Shall their fair object from before them fade,
And I admire those beauteous works no more?

Or was I form'd, a vain desire to feel
Of lovely truths their radiant face that hide?
Truths that to me their charms must ne'er unveil?
For ever to my longing eyes denied?

While the brute tribes, with happier dulness blest,
No painful sense of straiten'd knowledge show;
In easy ign'rance all incurious rest,
Content, their fellows and their food to know;

Was I inform'd with this more stirring mind,
To mourn a night no dawn shall e'er remove?
Seeking a day I ne'er am doom'd to find,
With anxious, fruitless steps ordain'd to rove?

To paint th' alluring form of social weal,
Where minds, in order moving, all agree,
And, in sweet chime, the silver spheres excel;
Yet ne'er, in act, the lovely picture see?

To spend my soul in life-consuming sighs,
That men on men with savage rage should prey;
Nor hope to see a fairer scene arise,
Whose smiling image shall my pains repay?

The noblest want which Nature knows to raise,
Say, shall she leave alone without its food?
Leave, while each lower thirst her care allays,
Unflak'd the lofty wish for boundless good?

While for each humbler power, her hands have
made,

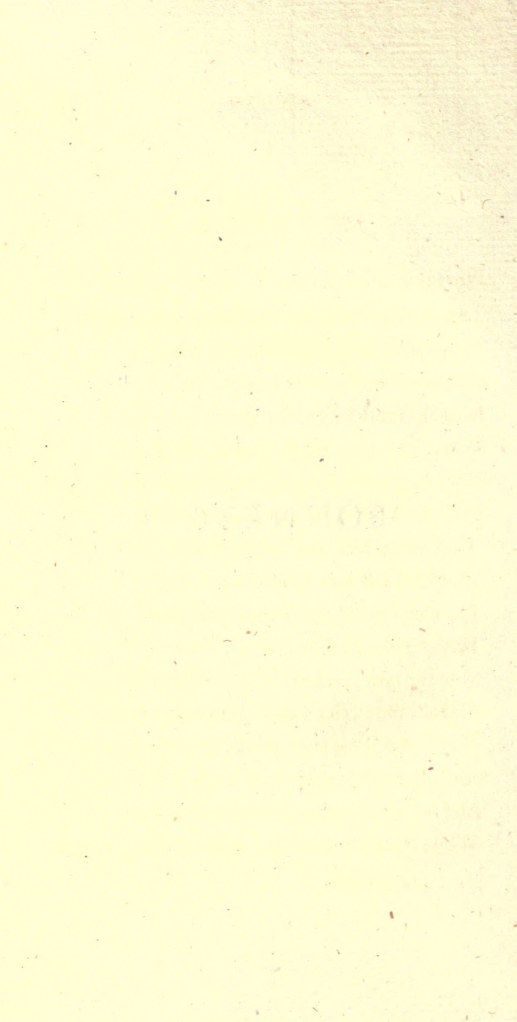
Those hands a field of ample scope prepare,
For oary fins while watery paths are spread,
For winnowing wings, the liquid plains of air;

Shall souls, equipp'd with wondrous powers to fly
Through the vast tracts of Truth's and Virtue's reign,
Be ne'er allow'd to sail that glorious sky,
Cag'd in this narrow life, and wing'd in vain?

Cease, cease, my song, to mourn the lot of man!
Revoke the murmur, and recal the tear!
It cannot be, that Nature's faultless pla
To him alone denies a suited sphere.

The eagle pinions of this active mind,
Though now a little space enclose their flights,
At length the firmament, they ask, shall find;
And soar, without control, celestial heights.

SONNETS.



SONNET I.

No pause of joy thy lover, Nature, knows ;
Thy varying scenes but change his pure delight :
To his pleas'd ear successive music flows ;
Successive beauty smiles to bless his sight.
Now the mute lark's triumphant song is o'er,
Whose airy notes exulting climb the skies ;
Now the grove's sleeping choristers no more,
Pour forth their gladsome social melodies ;
'Tis sweet to hear, oh, lonely bird of woe !
Melodious follower of the song of day !
Thy clear mellifluous lamentation flow ;
The long-drawn sorrow of thy silver lay !
Now the lorn eye hath lost the solar beam,
All hail, thou paler lamp ! 'tis sweet to mark
Thy shatter'd radiance quivering in the stream ;
And thy meek, tender light o'erflow the dark !
Ah ! ne'er for costly pleasures will I pine,
While Nature's unbought bliss and chaste delights
are mine.

SONNET II

WHEN raging Summer, from his blazing throne,
Darts his fierce rays o'er all the breezeless skies,
How soft a night, the grove, to which he flies,
Flings o'er the languid fugitive from noon!
'There, screen'd from Heaven's oppressive fervour,
soon

His sense revives, as stretch'd at ease he lies:
Reliev'd from glare, to his recovering eyes
The sylvan scene, by graver light, is shown:
Such, pleasing Melancholy, thy bland power!
Shade of the heart! the panting soul's retreat
From scorching joys! blest is thy sombrous hour,
To Rapture's burning mood succeeding sweet!
Oh! oft may life's umbrageous scenes embower,
And shut my pensive breast from transports furious
heat.

SONNET III.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

AND wilt thou go, bright regent of the day?
Farewel, awhile! we part to meet again.
Ere long shall I review thy golden ray;
Ere long shalt thou resume thy glorious reign.
The sea that now absorbs thy falling light,
Compel'd shall soon its rosy prey restore;
Bereav'd, but not for ever, is my sight;
Without despair, these eyes thy loss deplore.
Oh Virtue! when thine orb droops towards its bed,
With such calm faith sad Friendship breathes adieu:
Thou shalt emerge, fair star, from death's black
 shade,
The splendid course of glory to renew.
Soon shall the grave release thee from its gloom;
Hope sweetly wipes the eye that wets thy tomb.

SONNET IV.

TO THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

Cool animation, hail ! escap'd a while
From the hot scene where burns man's fever'd life ;
Whose purple tides so oft impetuous boil,
Inflam'd with riot foul, and furious strife :
Refresh'd I view your life that calmly glows,
And its first innocence till death retains ;
Whose purer blood for ever temperate flows
Through the chaste conduits of your finer veins.
Come here and cool, fierce Hate, and, Discord,
come ;
And learn of these so mild a life that lead :
And red Intemperance let 'em teach to bloom,
With their clear health on heav'n's fresh dews that
feed.
Ne'er may my peaceful bosom, Nature, beat,
But with thy sober fires, and virtue's gentle heat.

SONNET · V.

EVENING.

DAY's sinking fount now pours a milder flood
And burnishes with deeper gold the green :
A lucid autumn paints the summer wood ;
And the pleas'd eye smiles on the saffron scene.
The long-grown shades announce advancing night ;
With faintest breath the languid zephyr blows ;
Th' unruffled trees sleep in the yellow light ;
And all surrounding things instil repose.
Calm Evening's tranquil pupil, let me stray ;
From hectic care, from sultry anger free ;
All cool my bosom as abated day ;
Nor clouded, Conscience, by a frown from thee !
At this still hour, oft let me rove serene,
And catch the temper of the placid scene.

MISCELLANIES.

CHANGE.

Non semper idem floribus est honos
 Vernis, neque uno luna rubens nitet
 Vultu.

HOR.

THE sky's inconstant vestures, we behold;
 In ever shifting figures loosely roll'd:
 Each shape they take, amusive to the sight,
 Soon as assum'd, th' unsteady wearers quit:
 Each beauteous tint, all-colouring light supplies,
 A moment's space enchants the eye, and dies:
 Nor hue to stand, nor form is seen to stay,
 The unfix'd pictures fade and float away.
 In its rude outline, to wild Fancy's gaze,
 Yon cloud a ridge of yellow rocks displays;
 Hardly she views the craggy vapour o'er,
 Ere the lax, fluid landscape is no more.
 Flushing the west, admire that splendid red;
 Scarce can we call it fair, before 'tis fled!
 The rosy pomp is turn'd to sober grey;
 We look'd a moment off, and find it pass'd away!

-As earth's clear wave repeats th' o'erhanging skies,
Copies the cloud, and to the blue replies ;
Heaven's changeful face, a faithful moral glass,
Of human life reflects the changeful face.

Canst thou, whose pensive eyes attentive scan,
Thro' every varied view, this scene of man,
Find, in one walk of contemplation's range,
A true or seeming good, exempt from change ?
Say, if, in all this crowd of things, appears
Aught that the lovely stamp of Beauty wears,
In Reason's just, or Fancy's dazzled, sight,
Whose stable figure is secure from flight ?
Whose image, fixt as fair, is made t' abide,
True to our peace, or faithful to our pride ?
Nought, nought is found, where'er our search can
 stray,
But fleet, and baseless forms that glide away ;
One stream of visions that, in endless flow,
Appear and vanish, and but come to go !

See ! restless wealth will scarce an instant stand !
How shoots the passenger from hand to hand !

Ah ! who would fix his heart-exhausting cares
On aught that wings, so seldom folded, wears ?
One tenant oft, so sportive stars ordain'd,
The palace and the prison have contain'd :
Who propp'd dependents, now themselves depend :
Who stately rul'd, with meek obedience bend :
How oft, by brighter days inspir'd, hath pride
The poor man's blush in livelier crimson dy'd !
The wit that once but us'd its idle pow'rs,
Wants to invent for wealth's unbounded stores,
Hath strain'd with anxious efforts to contrive,
On a perplexing little how to live.

Of him that soars to power, how vain the flight !
High though he mount, he shall not keep his
height :

Soon shall he cease his lofty seat to boast ;
And own untenable the slippery post :
For, sure as evening shades to morn succeed,
And suns ascend to sink in ocean's bed ;
All eyes foresee, that life's past scenes recal,
So sure Ambition rises but to fall.

Nor only shall the human stars decline
Low as the level of their orient line ;

Heav'n's alter'd hand the falling glories throws,
As far beneath it, as above they rose !
Hurl'd from the topmost height of all the sky,
Plung'd in Affliction's deepest gulph they lie !

Unfold historic sheets—This page displays
The consul's * glories, and the victor's blaze !
See, in his car, aloft, the hero move !
God of to-day ! the city's guardian Jove !
To feed his pride, admiring millions meet,
Who see but him in all the crowded street !
The walls all o'er are set with wond'ring eyes,
Lin'd with aw'd looks, and cover'd with surprise !
On houses' tops the climbing swarms await,
And hail at distance, the slow-moving state ;
Each fight to gaze, each throat is stretch'd to greet,
And Tiber's banks the shouted name repeat ;
In rising statues beams the favourite face,
And busy moulds commit his praise to brass :
Turn o'er the leaf :—in the next page, he lies,
Slain by base hands, and under foreign skies !
Forlorn he lies, a god, a god no more,
Unhous'd and headless, on the hostile shore !

* Pompey.

Of all the legions, once he led, bereft,
One solitary follower only left ;
O'er his lov'd general's dust to breathe a sigh,
And humblest burial's niggard rite supply.
This fall too low, (detraction too severe !)
From him that thrust him down compels a tear !
Mix'd with the generous flood his eyes effuse,
Say, flow prophetic fellow-feeling's dew ?
The drops he sheds, himself shall shortly need ;
Ere long, who mourns his rival's blood, shall bleed.
Exalted meteor ! soon thy fires shall die ;
Thy turn to be extinct, thine hour of night is nigh.

To Wolsey's giant greatness raise thine eyes !
Monster of glory ! swol'n with dignities !
Born to ascend, his buoyant Destiny,
Spite of his birth's depression, bears him high ;
High, as his own aspiring wish can soar,
See the vast fabric of his honours tower !
Advanc'd to boundless, uncontroll'd command,
Power's various reins all crowded in his hand ;
Lord of the church, and ruler of the state,
His smile promotion, and his anger fate ;

Beneath his roof, while titled slaves obey,
His king the subject of his private sway ;
Patron of letters, honour'd by the wise,
In pomp of dress ador'd by vulgar eyes ;
The o'ergrown grandeur lifts aloft its head,
And wide abroad th' ambitious branches spread !
But lo ! the lifted axe ! the monarch's look !
That threats his honours with a fatal stroke !
The look, that quells the haughty statesman's pride,
And frowns his loose adherents from his side :
The troops explain the glance, and instant flee ;
The axe descends, and loudly falls the tree :
As loud her wings exulting Envy shakes,
While the resounding ruin lulls her snakes.
Who view'd the gross, luxuriant greatness rise,
To take it in, who stretch'd his labouring eyes,
Vainly to find it, rolls them all around,
Th' enormous pomp can now no more be found !
No more, by him that saw it, to be seen,
Nor left a single leaf to prove it e'er had been.

Nor adventitious splendours set alone,
Intrinsic glory's fairer beams go down.

Lo! where the glooms of both declensions meet!
Of double night behold yon mournful seat!
Can it be she? *—that miserable shade,
Whom years have wasted, and whom want hath
clad?

Her former image all effac'd, ah! how
Shall they, erewhile that knew her, know her now?
Which most shall melt soft Pity's gentle race,
Those ruin'd fortunes, or that faded face?
Once was that face among the themes of Fame;
And rais'd, in noble breasts, a fervent flame:

* Jane Shore. Lest the imagination of the reader should be carried, by any feature of the following picture, to that exhibited in the tragedy of this name, where poetical licence, in violation of historical truth, represents the death of the victim as immediately consequent on the sufferings inflicted upon her by the Protector, he is desired to consider the whole of this passage, as the commencement of it intimates, to relate to that obscure and indigent old age of this unfortunate lady to which her life was in reality prolonged, and in which she was reduced to the mortification of unsuccessful application for relief to those ungrateful courtiers, for whose benefit, in the days of her prosperity, when neither the charms of her person, the brilliancy of her wit, nor the splendour of her state, surpassed the benevolence of her heart, she had generously used her influence over the king. "At this day (says Sir Thomas More, in his pathetic account of her decayed and unfriended condition in the decline of her life)—She beggeth of many at this day living, that at this day had begged, if she had not been." See More's Hist. of Rich. III.

That wan, sunk cheek, which now no heart can
move,

Full oft hath met the lips of royal love :

There fairest lines the hand of Nature drew ;

There, Beauty, all thy loveliest roses blew !

Then o'er that form, which Wretchedness arrays,

Flow'd the rich vest, and jewels pour'd their blaze ;

She that so silent crawls on tottering feet,

Rush'd in the car, and rattled thro' the street :

Yon door she quits, hark ! with how loud a sigh !

There have her wants in vain implor'd supply ;

Just indignation joins her deep despair !

For base Ingratitude inhabits there.

Once, in no ear, beneath a throne, to sue,

Nor but for others, nor in vain, she knew ;

Of royal grace wherever stream'd the ray,

'Twas she that shew'd th' obedient beam its way ;

Thro' that forlorn, neglected, wither'd thing,

Flow'd all the favours of a love-sway'd king !

Now, for herself, her pray'rs, with chang'd success,

E'en them, for whom her pray'rs prevail'd, address !

And are those pallid lips, that long have sent

No breath but sighs, no voice but sad complaint,

The breathing rubies that wild laughter lov'd,

Nor but to utter mirth or music mov'd ?

Is that dejected bending figure she,
 The nymph renown'd for high vivacity !
 That, with the sportive breath of liveliest wit,
 Fann'd the strong fires her sparkling eyes had lit !
 With winning prattle, from dull state releas'd,
 An amorous monarch's hour of pleasure blest !
 And, mightier far than all the scarlet band,
 That force the crowd aloof from kings to stand,
 Kept off (on sovereigns what has closer prest)
 The throng of cares * from doating Edward's breast !

Nor only Beauty's purple lustre flies,
 And sprightly life to joyless languor dies ;
 He, who that face of speechless anguish wears,
 Pours o'er a yet more striking change his tears !
 That cold pale lump of clay, which charms his view,
 He call'd his friend ; and well the name it knew ;
 In thousand channels health all o'er it flow'd ;
 Strong pulses play'd, and dancing spirits glow'd ;

* Non enim gazæ, neque consularis
 Summovet lictor miseros tumultus
 Mentis, et curas, laqueata circum
 Tecta volantes.

Thro' various avenues, divinely made,
The world without, within it was convey'd :
Obstruction strange ! no longer to the mind
Their curious path surrounding things can find !
To ears a whisper struck, and eyes, a spark,
E'en thunder's silence, and e'en noon is dark !
But late so much who knew, now nothing knows !
Who glow'd so warm, is cold as winter's snows !
Those eyes, the speaking soul's late beamy seat,
No more acknowledge him they lov'd to meet ;
Nor e'en one whisper those clos'd lips impart,
Whose gentle tones so often sooth'd his heart !
" Speak to thy friend " — the raving mourner cries ;
With his fond call no more the frame complies :
Not all his warmth the palsied friendship wakes ;
An unreturning hand his pressures takes ;
In vain his wild and frenzied efforts prove,
The cold indifference of that breast to move ;
That face, whose eloquence of looks confess'd,
How much his presence once its owner bless'd,
Now not the faintest smile is seen to wear,
As his forgotten form advances near ;
Alike compos'd the tranquil lines remain,
If anguish force him thence, or lure him near again !

Gazing the alter'd thing, in deep surprise,
(So fresh the living friend in Memory's eyes !
The fate familiar in the common lot,
In this wild, sense-o'erwhelming grief forgot,)
The struck survivor meditates the change,
And, pond'ring, deems the pale extinction strange !
Amaz'd, who, felt so much, should nothing feel,
An heart, that leap'd so high, should lie so still,
His eye long fix'd on the quench'd life he keeps,
Thoughtful he mourns, and wonders as he weeps !

Death, from whose lance nor Worth, nor Youth
is free,

In Friendship's world, what changes flow from thee !
Long absent from the shore that gave him birth,
How blest the traveller treads his parent earth !
Ah ! how his heart (as, thro' the well-known land,
Gazing the long-lov'd fields on either hand,
To his dear native town he swift returns)
T' embrace his old associates fondly burns !
You house he hails ! its figure unforgot !
Dear was the threshold to his frequent foot :
There has he pass'd full many a social day,
And met the looks that smil'd his cares away :

Oft has its hearth beam'd on his wintry hour,
And summer dress'd for him its garden's bower.
There two ingenuous hearts, which Love had pair'd,
Along with Love, his faithful friendship shar'd:
Eager he pants t' excite a sweet surprise,
And sudden stand before their glistening eyes!
To tell them where his roving steps have been,
And all a wanderer's curious eyes have seen!
Vain hope! another house is now their home,
And his sad visit seeks their neighbouring tomb!
The names, so often utter'd, there he reads,
And with their imagin'd shapes his fancy feeds!
Bent on their grave his eyes, and clasp'd his hands,
Fixt as their stone, th' afflicted statue stands;
And long their living monument appears,
In whose still marble nothing stirs but tears!
Now to yon vacant walls his feet repair,
Awhile to nurse his mournful feelings there!
Thither he goes, by pensive Memory mov'd,
For long they held the forms that long he lov'd:
Untenanted the empty scene remains,
And soothes the void that in his bosom reigns:
How silent now and cold that genial hearth,
That warm'd to wise discourse or harmless mirth!

Where oft he blisful sat, and, grave or gay,
Full sweetly wore the winter's eve away !
Ah ! where is now that hospitable blaze,
Whose household sunshine wont to gild his face ;
Which through the darkening room, as day with-
drew,
(Sight-soothing light !) the red effulgence threw ;
And long allur'd his limning eye to trace
Amusive pictures in its various face ?
Now, not one ray from thence his eyes receive,
'Though fast around him fall the shades of eve ;
And from that window autumn's glooms appear,
Through which he us'd to watch the dying year ;
And, while the fewel's splendours round him play'd,
Remark the sun-deserted foliage fade !
Now to the garden-scene forlorn he moves,
And through the sylvan ruin, mournful, roves ;
Tall weeds, in wild luxuriance rising round,
Ensigns of Solitude, possess the ground ;
Choaking each walk his friends no longer tread,
The high, coarse grass reminds him they are fled ;
Whose prosperous, unmolested blades declare,
'Tis long since social steps were printed there.

Besides the mortal dart that Sicknefs throws,
Friendship has death to fear from other foes.
Not life alone decays, and breath departs,
Oft love declines to hate in alter'd hearts.
The power of Change, to body not confin'd,
Spreads her unbounded empire over mind.
Remark those two that pass each other by,
With fullen coldness and averted eye ;
Once they were one, nor ever seen apart ;
Their several frames enclos'd a single heart :
In one warm tide their mix'd affections flow'd ;
“ Burn'd with one love, with one resentment
glow'd * :”

Who anger'd one, incur'd the other's frown ;
And he by both was blest, who smil'd on one :
Now, where is now, that partnership of soul ?
In streams but too distinct their passions roll !
Each common foe to peace had vainly tried
To strike between them, and the bond divide ;
At length the occasion came, whose stroke, too true,
Lit on the joint where they together grew ;

The hinge, that kept their minds in junction, hit,
The associates sever'd, and the souls unknit :
Mortal to friendship fell th' unerring blow,
And bad the beauteous unity be two.

But Mind displays, to wake the moral sigh,
More mournful change than friendship's salter'd eye :
Thy night, Declension, wears a gloomier shade,
In virtue fall'n, and character decay'd.
Lo, yonder youth, to wealth and honours born,
Gen'rous and just, in life's ingenuous morn !
Fair Truth he studious woos in learned groves,
And every Muse his classic bosom loves :
With kindling soul historic leaves he reads,
And catches virtuous fire from virtuous deeds :
Bright, in his eye, the flame of friendship glows ;
Sweet, from his lip, its artless accent flows :
Candour, whose beams diffuse celestial grace,
Pours all her sunshine in his open face :
Oh, fleeting cleanness ! pure from spot in vain !
O'er the white page, see, steals the fatal stain !
A court receives him to its tainted air,
And that clear spirit ceases to be fair :
Ambition's mean cabals pollute his soul,
And foulest thoughts within him darkly roll .

Dead to all noble thirst, all honest fires,
He burns alone with low and mask'd desires :
No more his heart its form, unshrinking, shows ;
Around him mystery all its darkness throws :
His hostile ends he clothes in words of oil,
And coward frowns lurk underneath his smile :
That unlock'd breast, which lov'd the cheerful light,
Which knew no baseness, and which sought no night,
Of gloomy secrets grows a solemn tomb,
The seat of shadows, and of crimes the womb !

Thou female ranger of the midnight street !
Each staggering slave of wine reduc'd to greet !
Daughter of Art ! whose fraud-devoted days
In one wide system of deception pass ;
Smooth from whose lips, professions guileful flow ;
Whose cheeks with insincere vermilion glow ;
Whose artful eyes, on all that pass thee by,
Fling labour'd glances, and but look, to lie ;
Though man disgust, thought sting, and pain de-
stroy,
For ever feigning health, and love, and joy ;
Where is that sweetness, say, thou lost one ! where,
To each exulting parent late so dear ?

Their pray'r how ardent, and how fond their hope,
Their heart's just pride might form their age's prop !
Thine artless looks could virtuous eyes allure,
And as thy form was fair, thine heart was pure !
An honest bloom then deck'd that alter'd face ;
And all thy mien display'd a modest grace.

See him who enters now that splendid room !
See, on his brow, that night of fullen gloom !
Nor noting wife nor children circling there,
Silent he flings him in the custom'd chair :
Of late, this cloud mysterious oft they mark,
And erring guesses wander in the dark :
Deep in himself the discontent is hid ;
Each question, Love would ask, his looks forbid ;
Vent'rous Enquiry, quail'd by harsh replies,
Forfakes the tongue, retreating to the eyes :
No child draws near the father's dreaded knee,
Chas'd by his frown, the trembling cherubs flee :
Long mute he sits ;——then sudden quits his seat,
And traverses the room with hasty feet ;
His troubled gestures, steps irregular,
And restless lips, proclaim the inward war ;

Then to the door abrupt the mutterer darts,
And from the house with frightful hurry parts :
Lo ! the shock'd family, with dumb surprise,
Roll each on other their wild, wond'ring eyes !
How just their wonder ! for how chang'd is he,
This moment seen, from him they us'd to see !
Endear'd by absence, when he sought his home,
His hearth's lov'd groupe beheld him smiling come ;
Warm was he wont his little ones to bless,
Nor went one cheek without the kind caress ;
His life a flame of social love display'd,
Which left no debt to human kind unpaid ;
Each heart that bleeding in his path he found,
If blest with power to bind it, pleas'd he bound ;
Gay peace, where glooms a lowering sadness now,
Shone in that face, and smooth'd that wrinkled brow ;
If care oppress'd him, it was open care,
That gave the sharers of his heart their share :
Now some dishonest woe his peace hath broke,
And guilt is in the shade that clouds his look.
Swift the dark truth is pressing into day—
Home wilder comes, who shot so wild away !
Bursts the pent storm ! the door rude open flies !
The astonish'd circle start in pale surprise !

Clench'd are his fists; his hairs disorder'd flow;
And fierce he stamps the floor, and strikes his brow:
In his grim look, as round the room he glares,
Perdition scowls, and all the wretch appears!
“Beggars! your bread is gone—I shook your last—
Leap'd from the box Despair, and hope is past—
'Tis your destroyer stands before your eyes—
Children! your father is a fiend!” he cries:
The ruffled form then sudden disappears,
And soon his dreadful end affails their ears:
The house a strange intestine thunder shakes,
Shocks all its walls, and all its echoes wakes!
Call'd by the sound, the pale spectators view,
Where, roll'd in clouds of smoke, the ruin'd spirit
flew!

What fable crowds, on eastern India's shore,
With looks of want surround Mercator's door!
Whose grasping wealth, amassing all their rice,
Mocks their short reach, in its licentious price:
Eager they ask, but ask, alas! in vain,
A little portion of the hoarded grain:
Vain the loud rhetoric of air-rending cries,
And vain the speechless prayer of closing eyes;

That, all unaided by persuasive breath,
Plead with the silent eloquence of death !
Her unavailing babe the mother brings,
And low on earth her suppliant figure flings ;
Bent on her pining child her deep-sunk eyes,
Where love and hunger blend their agonies,
In vain her bosom breathes the final groan——
Unmov'd by all remains the man of stone !
While his wide walls the gather'd year inclose,
While in his cup the laughing Bacchus glows,
He recks it not, that round his gate are spread,
Famine's sad groupe, the dying and the dead ;
As though the earth had fail'd its fruits to yield,
And angry skies refus'd to bless the field !
Ah ! what an envious cloud hath Avarice thrown
O'er Virtue's sun that late so clearly shone !
That ting'd e'en the first break of moral day
With the fine blushes of its orient ray !
Now could he know, should now the beggar view,
The man whose boyish tears his story drew ?
Whose eyes, with meek, respectful pity rais'd,
His woe-lin'd face, with long perusal gaz'd ?
Whose gentle hand his bending figure led,
To feel his father's fire, and share his bread ?

Say, which of all his school-mates, that should see,
Would think the author of these wrongs were he,
Who with an early love of justice glow'd,
And, in his act, the dawning hero show'd?
Each weaker stripling's generous shield from harm,
When young oppressors rais'd their infant arm!
Whose kindling spirit all intrepid rose,
The beardless tyrant strenuous to oppose!
And the high swell of whose indignant soul,
Awe of the master's power could scarce control,
Whene'er he heard his penal lashes fall,
Harshly resounding through the letter'd hall;
And saw his luckless fellow's spirit broke
By brute chastisement's ignominious stroke!
Or could the eyes, his riper youth that knew,
When, with yet opener leaf, his virtues blew,
In that now blighted, faded spirit, find
One lingering hue of all his former mind?
Trace aught of him who echoed Misery's moan,
And others' wrongs resented as his own?
Who, when to Heav'n he heard the injur'd call,
Long'd to behold the bolt of vengeance fall?
Who curs'd each ruthless creditor, he saw,
Crush the poor debtor with the arm of Law;

Or, while a load of grief his widow bears,
Of every comfort strip her, but her tears?

What is there, man can hold, he may not lose?
See! e'en his faithless Reason from him goes
The sacred guide, that shows the path of right,
Spreads forth her wings, and speeds her parting
flight!

Luxuriant round the learn'd and tuneful head *,
Their beauteous leaves the classic laurels spread :
The listening ear his pleasing lips engage,
Each eye delighted reads his lucid page :
Insisting on the sound, the mouth of Fame
Makes the wide world familiar with the name :
By rank of mind high rais'd above the great,
His counsels rule the rulers of the state ;
Their unseen prompter, in their secret hour,
Without a post, he finds his wisdom power ;
And, like an angel station'd at the helm,
Sublimely viewless, steers a factious realm !
The boundless homage letter'd Beauty joins,
And greenest myrtle with his laurel twines ;
While Fame loud sounds it, gently sings his praise,
Or sweetly sings her love in polish'd lays ;

* Dean Swift.

Drest in the roses of her earliest morn,
Smiles on his years which wisdom's charms adorn,
And in those charms such forceful influence owns,
Her roses fade before her sage's frowns ;
While the pure flames, from Wisdom's self she
drew,

In vain she calls on Wisdom to subdue.

Dire change ! o'er all that ample orb of wit,
That sun of glory's dazzling round of light,
(No edge left luminous) eclipse hath spread
An everlasting veil of blackest shade !

Behold the bard, the scholar, and the sage,
A stock in torpor, or a beast in rage !

Who shone by turns in Truth's and Fancy's school,
A fury burns, or dies into a fool !

That mind which once a nation's weal could tend,
Now cannot e'en his own from ill defend :

His witless life appointed keepers guard,

Their country's guardian dwindled to their ward !

Is that the deep discernor, whose swift thought,
Elusive Truth, with quickest seizure, caught,
Whose idiot eyes without distinction, roll,
Unsearching fix, nor dart one ray of soul ?

On him, the learn'd beheld with lifted eyes,
Each dull domestic now looks down and sighs !

While they, that felt his piercing edge before,
Forgive the blunted foe they fear no more :
Close all their wounds, and all their anger dies ;
Who frown'd and smarted, melt and moralize !

But not to individual man's declines,
Of various shade, the muse her sigh confines ;
Death ! she bewails, with yet a louder groan,
Thy lance at bulkier excellency thrown.
Nations have lost their beauty, late that bloom'd ;
And huge communities as moths consum'd !
The drooping monuments of what they were
Slow pine away, and gradual disappear.
Where rich abundance bless'd the smiling ground,
And gladsome hills and vales rejoic'd around,
Brown deserts stretch their dreary tracts of sand,
And all the laugh of plenty flies the land.
Nor stone's more hardy grace hath power to stay :
Time sweeps the solid elegance away.
Yon groupe of vast, majestic ruins show,
What mighty things his mightier scythe can mow !
Where meeting roofs arose in crowded pride,
Green fields the unctiguous domes divide.
Th' historian tells of towns of high renown ;
The traveller passes by, and finds them gone !

The city's place is Nature's ground again ;
The piles dissolve, and grass resumes the plain :
To rural scenery turns the sumptuous street,
And princes leave to lowly swains their seat :
The quiet flock, where Riot feasted, feeds ;
And stately palaces make room for weeds.
The place that Trade's imperial splendour knew,
Where from her river boundless wealth she drew,
(Her crowded harbours, and her hurried shore,
And princely merchants' regal greatness o'er)
Sees wretched fishers sordidly reside,
Amid the rubbish of her moulder'd pride.

More mournful change ! see man's most polish'd
home,

Art's smoothest walk, a *savage* scene become !
The silken lap, that held her nicest sons,
Each coarser work of wildest Nature owns !
Once costly floors, patricians wont to tread,
The thorn and nettle rudely overspread !
Of glittering nobles, lo ! the fam'd resort,
An house for dragons, and of owls the court !
The clattering chariots, and the trampling steeds,
And buzzing crowds, dead solitude succeeds !

No humming street, no human bustle heard,
Howls the lone beast, or screams the moping bird !
While for gay, midnight song and revelry,
Each doleful creature sends a moaning cry !

The gorgeous scenes of wealth, and feast, and
dance,

Melt like the fairy domes of wild romance ;
That swift upstart, amid the desert drear,
The darkling hero, on his way, to cheer ;
With phantom-tapers lit, whose spell-built rooms,
Banquet, and gems, and song, and rich perfumes,
Pour on his ravish'd sense a short delight,
Then swift relapse to air, and leave their guest in
night !

Babel ! along Euphrates' banks, I see,
The pensive wanderer vainly ask for thee !
Silent the place ! not one salutes his ears
Of all thy viols, harps, and dulcimers !
Where thy thick walls and massive buildings rose,
The fluid air in unseen atoms flows :
Fled like a vision is the printless scene,
As if the swelling wonder ne'er had been.
Nought, nought remains of all the mighty mass,
To prove that once, and point out where, it was !

Where are ye all, ye brilliant towns that grac'd,
Mother of ornament, the ancient east?
Sons of the morning ! where be all your rays?
Your fight o'erwhelming, wond'rous strength of
blaze ?

Spent are your glories ! lost is all your light !
Extinct ye lie in everlasting night !

More western meteors equal fates have met :
The blazing things ascended but to set.
Where Beauty chose her seat, enchanting Greece !
Ah ! why did e'er thy lovely splendours cease ?
Ye graceful structures, elegantly bright
With glossy marble polish'd into light ;
Whose full and tumid forms once fed the eye
With amplitude of pillar'd majesty ;
Diminish'd now, of gnawing years the prey,
A spare, emaciate grandeur ye display :
Your walls, reduc'd, but show ye once were great,
The shades of pomp, and skeletons of state !

Yet nearer ruins neighbouring proof display
How low earth's tallest honours Time can lay.

Lo ! like a lion slain, whose carcase awes,
Rome, e'en in death, a mournful rev'rence draws !
Ah ! how are all those godlike works declin'd,
Her matchless, more than human heart combin'd !
Those domes, so lofty rear'd, so ample swell'd,
Her gods that honour'd, or her games that held !
Those stately fabrics, to her heroes rais'd,
Form'd to inspire the glorious acts they prais'd !
Those various frames, that deck'd with costly pride,
Her sons with soft, commodious ease supplied !
That o'er their walks the pillar'd ceiling spread,
From varying skies a covert or a shade ;
Or, bright with silver, and with jewels pav'd,
Their glowing limbs, in floods delicious, lav'd ;
Or to their walls the wat'ry stores convey'd,
Thro' wond'rous paths almighty Labour made !

But, say, can columns broke, and walls decay'd,
Engross the eye that marks the nations fade ?
Not fallen palaces it mourns alone,
And prostrate fanes, and theatres o'erthrown ;
A more depressing image far it finds
In mouldering faculties and crumbling minds !

Meek Slavery crouches low, and licks the rod,
With stately mien where lion-patriots trod :
O'er Wisdom's schools that gave the nations light,
Triumphant Dulness reigns in depth of night :
'Mid classic scenes, once seats of minds inspir'd,
To song excited, and by science fir'd,
Lull'd with oblivious drugs, a lolling race
Their death-like life in one long slumber pass ;
And learn'd alone their holy book to read,
Enclose neglected letters in a creed.
Where Roman heroes toil'd, and sages taught,
And orators harangu'd, and conquerors fought,
See drones repose ! cold antiquarians pore !
And slothful priests dispense their fabled lore !
For Freedom's sife, and clarion's rousing sound,
The lute's voluptuous languish melts around :
And church-processions please a coward throng,
Where vigorous spirits, though misled to wrong,
In length'ning triumph drawn, majestic mov'd
along.

Yet while of human life the fading grace,
Calls the sad dew down musing Pity's face,

Soon dries the eye, which smiling Reason guides
To HIM, who o'er this shifting scene presides ;
Immortal king ! from all mutation free !
Whose endless being ne'er began to be ;
Who ne'er was nothing, who was ever all ;
Whose kingdom did not rise, and cannot fall :
On a mysterious throne, high rais'd above
E'en the fair change which heavenly orders prove !
While their bright excellence progressive grew,
He, perfect now, ne'er imperfection knew !
Ere worlds began with boundless goodness blest,
Ne'er needing to be better, always best !
The pensive Muse, who thus a mournful sigh
Hath paid to stars that fall, and flowers that die,
While the short glories, brief as fair, she mourns,
To HIM, the great ENDURER, joyful turns.
Glad, she adores, deprest by gloomy wanes,
That undecreasing LIGHT who all ordains :
On HIM she leans, reliev'd from withering things,
And his immortal counsel raptur'd sings :
That scheme of good which all that dies survives ;
Whate'er decays, for ever fair that thrives :
Whose progress adverse fates, and prosp'rous chance,
Virtue and vice, and good and ill advance :

Which draws new splendour from all mortal gloom;
Which all that fades, but feeds with riper bloom;
Each human fall but props, each fail succeeds,
And all that Fancy deems obstruction speeds.

In Nature's beauteous frame, as cold and heat,
And moist and dry, and light and darkness meet;
Harmonious, in the moral system, join
Pleasure and pain, and glory and decline.

Thee, halcyon sequel of life's labouring tale,
Here, or on high, where'er thy seat, I hail!
When to this troubled scene, that works and boils,
And, wildly bubbling, swells in falling hills;
Of vex, conflicting things this restless fret,
Continual struggling in tormenting heat;
A settled calm succeeds: the war subsides:
And Victory for immortal good decides.
No dormant state, I hail, of flat repose,
Where pant no ardours, where no action glows;
No pool of standing life that always sleeps,
O'er whose still sea no breeze of spirit sweeps;
No scene, as priests describe the bliss above,
Of heavy calmness, and of slumb'ring love;

Where useless faints on easy thrones recline,
And tune their idle wires to songs divine,
Relax'd in holy sloth, and piously supine :
Nor pastoral scene, as bards past ages feign,
Who sing of dulness undisturb'd by pain;
Of meads, and flocks, and flowers, and brooks, and
trees,

And lazy innocence, and torpid ease.
Whose forceless portrait of ill-imag'd Bliss,
Displays alone, in its tame drowsy piece,
A languid form, all careless laid along,
By murmuring waters lull'd, or warbling song ;
As gifted man were only made to sleep,
To lie on violets, and to live with sheep !

Bliss ! in whose kindled frame such fires I see,
How much unlike are these dead forms to thee !
Where is thine ardent gaze, and sparkling eye,
And springing attitude, in act to fly ?
Thine eager chase of some diviner end,
To which thy keen, intensest efforts tend ;
Which all thy powers to their full stretch unfolds,
And thy rapt soul in sweet absorption holds ?
No more these looks inane resemble thine,
Than those doll-draughts the "human face divine,"

Which wear a babish swell of thoughtless cheek,
Unmark'd with mind, all smooth, chinese, and
fleck ;

Where not one print of intellect we trace,
A blank and lineless orb of empty face !

Not such, now beaming on her glistening eyes,
Not such the scene th' exulting Muse descries !
E'en more than this, a stirring, wakeful state ;
Quick with yet livelier change, yet busier fate ;
But happiest change alone, that blissful proves,
From truth to truth, from good to good, that moves
Whose lovely flux, admir'd of Reason's eyes,
Is only endless fluency of rise ;
Where fairest scenes, from fetters wisely freed,
Relinquish their place to fairer that succeed,
Which, in their turn, make way for yet more fair,
And, beautifully unstable, disappear !
Delightful state ! in which th' admiring Muse,
The heavenly form of true Fruition views !
All bosoms throbbing with a public zeal ;
All minds at work t' advance the general weal ;
In tuneful chime, on one great aim intent,
Harmonious moving with a sweet consent ;

Exploring Nature's mine, where Heav'n has stor'd
The means of welfare in a boundless hoard ;
Whatever charms the social state they lend,
Still eager all, the beauteous piece to mend ;
Content in no degree of bliss to rest,
Studious to add new blessings to the blest ;
All present excellence resolv'd t' excel,
Whate'er its growth, the sum of good to swell,
Awaken'd intellect yet more excite,
To Truth's best lovers more endear her light,
Of minds the most enlarg'd expand the views,
In breasts the most inspir'd new fires infuse,
Bid joy sublime to loftier transport rise,
And breathe yet more of heaven in paradise !

Such the fair state, in which alone appears
The genuine smile a pure elysium wears !
(The reign of strife, and wrong, and tumult o'er,
And fall and ruin mournful words no more)
Serenely fervid ! busily at ease !
A scene of active rest, and glowing peace !
Whose gentle dove the eagle's force assumes,
And with whose olive glory's laurel blooms !

Hail ! radiant ages ! hail, and haste along !
To reasoning man your splendid years belong !
Unclose your leaves of true, unfabled gold,
That hidden lie in Fate's rich volume roll'd !
Not Fancy, Faith the Muse this vision gave ;
Of real scenes her sober raptures rave :
Prophetic fury what she sings inspires ;
Truth's living coal hath lent her lip its fires :
Of moral science, lamp to love and peace,
The lucid crescent shines, whose bright increase
Shall lose its horns in plenitude of light,
And reach a glorious fall, that ne'er shall wane to
night.

LEO MANSUETUS IMP.

THE EMPEROR'S TAME LION.

*Freely paraphrased from the second Book of the Sylvæ
of Statius.*

This little piece is supposed to have been written on the death of a favourite lion of the emperor Domitian, equally remarkable for its gentleness, courage and strength; which, after a career of distinguished glory in the combats of wild beasts exhibited to the Roman people, had the humiliation to be vanquished and slain by a tiger.

AND was it but for this, thou did'st divest,
Of each wild habit, that once savage breast?
For this, by all the subject beasts ador'd,
Lord of the woods, obey a feebler lord?
Renounce, for this, the thirst of human gore,
Harmless to man, an homicide no more?
By instinct taught to make mankind thy prey,
Taught by mankind to be as mild as they!
Convert to innocence! reclaim'd in vain!
And is, at length, no more than this thy gain?

How would'st thou, grown domestic, leave thy
home,

And back, with steps unforc'd, familiar come !

How would thy magnanimity forbear

A conqueror's rage, and learn the fall'n to spare !

And that dread mouth, once human carnage stain'd,

Mumble, with playful love, th' inserted hand !

Brute nature could not match thy mended kind,

Where all the lamb and all the lion join'd !

Gentle in peace, as terrible in fight,

Almost humanity adorn'd thy might !

Yet could not all thy winning sweetness bend
Those ruthless Fates that frown'd upon thine end !

Oh great in combat, at the solemn show,

Thou'rt fall'n at last, and fall'n, alas, how low !

'Twas not the pit, with treach'rous ground o'erlaid,

And mouth well-mask'd, thy trusting foot betray'd:

Nor by deceitful toils wert thou beset,

Impatient captive of the wily net :

Nor was it thine, provok'd to open war,

Impetuous springing on the hunter's spear,

To leave thy smoking blood with glory there : }

Long thy fame's theatre, yon circling wall*,
Before a foe beneath thee, saw thee fall :
Saw thee, till then secure to overcome,
Oft on her games as smil'd exulting Rome,
Disdain th' ignoble spoiler of thy breath,
And feel more anguish from defeat than death.
Oh, humbling close ! Oh, strangely issuing strife !
A foe that fear'd thee, triumph'd o'er thy life !
A coward beast, for speed alone renown'd,
Fierce from excess of terror, dealt the wound ;
Snatch'd, with a hurried rage, thy life, and fled ;
E'en fled thee falling, and half fear'd thee dead.

Yon range of dens thy mournful fate declare ;
All clos'd, but thine, denote their tenants there :
Sad looks the cell, and asks, with open door,
A dweller that must enter there no more !

How ill thy royal kindred brook'd to see,
Thy glory tarnish'd thus, and theirs in thee !

* The Circus, or Amphitheatre, where the spectacles were presented; which, as the name expresses, was of a circular, or oval form, consisting of rows of seats, rising one above another to accommodate the spectators, and enclosing an extensive area for the exhibition of the games.

Struck and confounded at the new disgrace,
 A gen'rous shame possess'd th' imperial race :
 Low droop'd their manes, and their large brows,
 drawn down,
 O'erhung their bury'd eyes, and hid 'em in a frown.

Yet, through that hour, for thee, of deepest night,
 Thy spirit shot a ray of splendid light !
 Refusing thus to fall, thy struggling mind
 Rose against Fate—rebellious—unrefign'd—
 So hard it strain'd to hold the issuing life,
 It wrestled with a half-prevailing strife !
 The mighty pride detain'd the fleeting breath,
 Kindled new soul, and animated death !
 Eager for fight, e'en in that fainting hour,
 Thine eyes fought on, when nerve could act no
 more.
 And when th' unconquer'd soul was wholly fled,
 Still low'r'd thy fierce remains, and threaten'd still
 tho' dead !

So some brave warrior, whose distinguish'd sword
 Had many a laurel reap'd, to grace its lord ;

Whose bosom, printed with historic scars,
Records the glorious story of his wars ;
By Vict'ry, long his friend, at length forsook,
Raging in death, resents the fatal stroke :
Hard strives his tottering frame to reach the foe,
Ere yet he fall, to lay his conqueror low :
Of feebleness impatient, he contends
With mighty Fate, and looks of fury sends :
Fierce he devours his foe with ardent eyes—
But the brave act his failing arm denies.
Stung by remembrance of his former deeds,
The falling hero blushes as he bleeds :
His face, while yet a spark of soul remains,
Receives the mounting crimson from his veins ;
As weak and weaker burns life's languid flame,
Faint and more faint appears the fading shame ;
The stately spirit scornfully retires,
And, with his dying breath, the soldier's pride expires.

Yet, vanquish'd beast, this soothing requiem
hear !

Thy fall is honour'd by the public tear.
Thy savage grandeur civil glory knew ;
The forest's king the city's favourite grew.

And chief let this console thy fullen shade ;
'Midst all th' innumerable tribes of bestial dead,
Of costliest race, that bit the scenic plain,
An unlamented heap of vulgar slain,
(Oh, proud distinction to thy memory shown !)
Great Cæsar's sigh adorns thy death alone.

WRITTEN ON VISITING THE GARDENS AT
VERSAILLES.

I SEE it not——where is the sylvan scene?
A fabric, tender, flexile, moist, and green?
Whose sweetly pointless lines and blander dies
Nourish, with mild regale, the suited eyes?
Lo! all around is rigid, dry, and brown!
Unfruitfulness in state! a pomp of stone!
Where verdure, loveliest work of Light, should
 bloom,
Flowers deck the ground and breathe the chaste per-
 fume,
Broad steril walks their dusty plain expand,
In all the majesty of size and sand!
Where frolic trees should wave their pliant boughs,
Unbending statues sleep in lifeless rows.
Each fairer, freer work of Nature, here,
Spoil'd of its freedom, is no longer fair.
Hard rules the cramp'd, uneasy forms confine,
Nor leave the punish'd eye one lawless line:

No stroke enlarg'd from rigorous order strays ;
No part appears that wantons and that plays :
Grandeur, grave Power, restricts the scene around,
Checks all its smiles, and primes the solemn ground.
Imperial Might hath toil'd, with vast expence,
To give the tortur'd sight complete offence ;
To bid a labour'd blank of grace appear,
Superbly pleasureless, and trimly drear !

True taste precluding, how should boastful Pride
E'er learn the lovely art, her art to hide ?
Her only aim is all her art to show ;
Or who her garden's wond'rous cost could know ?
Unanxious to adorn the scene by stealth,
No wit she uses, all she spends is wealth.
Studious her ample treasures to reveal,
Nature alone she labours to conceal.
Each native bent to beauty Nature shows,
Instant she crosses, eager to oppose :
Thee, Nature, thee, the vulgar awe to raise,
Perverse, she thwarts in all thy graceful ways !
The free-made waters, her abhorr'd control
Shuts up in basins, and forbids to roll ;

Or tofs'd in air, with harsh, tyrannic force,
Their stream pursues a strange distorted course;
As flame spires upward, her fantastic fount
Compels the cadent element to mount;
Like sparks toward heaven, the drops aspiring fly,
And upright currents shoot into the sky!

The joyless eye, with fruitless longing, roves
O'er the stiff grounds, for lines which Nature loves.
Where is her careless, sweetly devious way,
Where Pleasure's followers long delight to stray?
To emulate the city's straightest street,
Shap'd to assist the haste of busy feet,
The lengthen'd rule is levell'd to define
Each rigid walk's long rectitude of line.

Lo! the thorn woods no rich luxuriance wear,
Lopp'd of their shade, to form a sylvan square!
No easy swells, without, the sense delight;
With sharpest edge each corner wounds the sight:
The paths, within, in answering angles made,
Conduct thro' galleries of level shade;

Whose even leaves their wainscot-plain display,
And their green ceiling's flat defence from day :
All seems the work, so set is every part,
Not of the gard'ner's, but the mason's art.

If from right lines the formal scenery swerve,
'Tis ne'er in easy Beauty's wanton curve :
When suffer'd thence to rove, the slavish line,
Thro' all its course, the compasses confine ;
Round rolls the stroke with mathematic care,
All centre-bound, exactly circular :
No sportive way it takes, at large and free,
No gambol plays of freakful liberty,
But all constrain'd, with strict precision errs,
And, to the point from whence it sallied, steers.
So pris'ners, when allow'd a while to stray,
A jealous follower watches all the way ;
In a small round their straiten'd footsteps move,
And as they rest, in custody they rove ;
A little hour the captive wanderers roam,
Then back to jail again dejected come.

That power despotic hath obey'd no bound,
Is all I note in all this vaunted ground.

Lo! with the lovely forms of right and fair
How comprehensive is its impious war !
The human scene could not alone contain
The o'erflowing rage of its unrighteous reign ;
E'en thy green kingdom, Nature, it invades,
And sways a tyrant-scepter o'er the shades :
The murd'rous knife, with rural sweets at war,
Relentless hath refus'd one charm to spare :
I hear the Genius moan, as round I rove,
Of each methodically wounded grove ;
And to the peasant's wail, and prisoner's sigh,
The bleeding Dryad joins her plaining cry.
No Graces here in sprightly measures move,
Their fetter'd feet oppose the dance they love :
Oppressive Art erects her iron throne,
And injur'd Nature mourns her freedom gone.

ON VISITING THE GARDENS OF
ERMENONVILLE.

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius. O ubi campi—
—O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra !* VIRG.

HAIL, beauteous grounds ! where Nature reigns
the queen,
And Art, her modest handmaid, serves unseen !
Escap'd from Pride's clipt shades and carv'd alcove
Mine eyes, refresh'd, dwell on the shapes they love.
The friends of Nature here delighted trace
All her encourag'd world of blooming grace !
With sweet consent, t' enrich the blest retreat,
Here all her amiable forms are met !
No tyrant law, in these elysian plains,
Her inclination to be fair restrains :
Prisons her waters, and curtails her trees,
And robs her easy works of all their ease.

For trim parterre, and ranks of marshal'd flowers,
Long, uninflected paths, and formal bowers,
Landscapes, that earth's spontaneous smiles appear,
That look as careless, tho' effects of care,
Include whate'er luxurious eyes require,
And rich completion of delight inspire !

The ground, whose outline playful Fancy drew,
With pleasing change of surface charms the view :
Now heaves in hills, in valleys now descends,
Now in the mead's expanded plain extends.

The woods, which no obdurate steel bereaves,
Swell on the eye with all their wealth of leaves ;
In whose wide realm of shadows, while we shun
The dazzling regions of the summer's sun,
(Save that some slender lines of golden light
Pierce through the porous screen, and speck the
night)

The walk that sweetly rambles, pleas'd, we find,
And our green way, with blissful error, wind :
The sinuous paths, by Beauty taught to twine,
Curl all along their undulating line :
The alley's leafy walls, a wavy veil,
From the pleas'd sight the coming scene conceal ;

Each rounded turn renews the sweet surprise,
And a fresh bowery view delights the eyes !

The unforc'd water, licens'd here to stray,
Pursues its native, roving, downward way :
Now, in the river, rolls an ample tide,
And wreaths, thro' funny meads, its azure pride :
Now, in cool streamlets, all retir'd it roams,
And lends its flowing grace to sylvan glooms ;
In gentle lapse through the deep umbrage led,
Along a sweetly rude and craggy bed,
Whose rugged stones, objected to the tide,
With tuneful interruption break its glide ;
While oft, to vary its wild-tinkling song,
Down a rough stair the current drops along,
And sooths the ear, amid the silent shades,
With lulling warblings of minute cascades :
Now, all impetuous rushing from on high,
Sublime, it strikes th' astonish'd ear and eye :
In foaming cadence, and with thund'ring sound,
The liquid ruin tumbles to the ground !

Fair Novelty exhausts her needful power,
To stay the wings of Pleasure's fleeting hour ;

Repair, with fresh supply, the joys of sight,
And keep from languishing the long delight.
Onward we wander with unwearied eyes,
And hail successive pictures as they rise !
Sweet objects, made by union yet more sweet,
In each harmonious composition meet :
While each fair landscape, from its happy place
In the just series, draws a fairer grace ;
Contrast to every charm fresh magic gives,
And beauty, beauty pleasingly relieves.
Here, the rich, brilliant scene allures the view,
That asks of morning beams each sprightlier hue ;
Where living imagery constant moves
'Mid the still loveliness of plains and groves ;
Gracing the piece, the village-path appears,
Unceasing trod by rustie passengers ;
The peasant, chanting many an airy song,
His humble beast of burden guides along ;
The flock and herd the plodding keeper drives,
And all around the glowing landscape lives !
Now, to a different view our steps repair,
And hail the form of calmer Beauty there ;
That wooes the sun, flow lapsing from his height,
To clothe her placid scene in gentler light ;

Delicious quietude here sooths the breast,
Of power to lull e'en troubled souls to rest ;
Here pensive Revery would choose her seat,
When she would all the excluded world forget,
Stunn'd by its noise, to this still region steal,
And all the luxury of silence feel !

Rival of Arcady ! where'er we range,
Thy sweets enchant us in an endless change !
By thee, e'en Clifden's bower, and Hagley's pride,
And Shenstone's simpler shades, are all outvied !
Whate'er of rapture Eden's self could give,
From thy rich scenes the gladden'd eyes receive !

One only image, 'mid the beauteous groves,
Transport's wild burst opposes and reproves ;
Dims with a sudden dew the sparkling eye,
And asks from Ecstasy herself a sigh !
There sleeps he *, Nature ! ah, for ever lost !
Of all mankind who lov'd thine image most !

* Rousseau ; whose tomb then stood in the middle of a groupe of poplars, on a small island situated in a beautiful lake : a spot, to which he was particularly attached when living, and in which it was his desire to be interred.

Where all thy fairest features charm our eyes,
To thine assembled beauties blind he lies !
Alone in death, who lov'd to live alone,
See where sequester'd stands the hermit-stone !
As his shy ashes fought mankind to fly,
Recluse in shades, the lonely relics lie.
Oh social solitary ! warm to embrace,
And swift to shun, our dear, but dreaded, race !
Amid the kind you lov'd averse to live,
Of all the world the friend and fugitive !
Accept this sigh from one thy page hath charm'd,
With various power, illumin'd, melted, warm'd !
But, ah ! the mood thy memory inspires,
Other than this exulting scene requires :
Not now the time, (till then the drops shall stay,)
Due to thy moving tomb, the tears to pay :
While gaudy day his flaring lustre flings ;
While to the sun the shouting landscape sings ;
And Nature, all ornate, and dress'd in noon,
Forgets thy grave, and laughs around the stone.
This pride of flow'rs that decks the festive ground ;
This plummy revelry that warbles round ;
This insect-joy on painted wings that plays,
Flirting and glittering in the splendid blaze ;

Of all that lives this sportful jubilee,
Ill meets the sigh that fain would swell o'er thee.
Let me attend, oh lov'd, lamented shade !
Till the bright colours of the landscape fade :
Then, when the joyous glare of wanton day,
Unsocial with my sorrow, dies away ;
When these gay plains a graver aspect wear,
And the condoling scene my gloom shall share ;
When solemn shades correct these gladsome meads,
O'er this vast wood when ebon darkness spreads,
And its high theatre of double night
The moon behind surmounts with milky light ;
When her soft rays the mournful isle illumine,
Thro' the dark trees appears the snow-white tomb,
On the calm grave the tranquil beams repose,
And the smooth lake the placid silver shows ;
When thus the sombrous radiance, meekly bright,
Suits the mild picture to the sad delight ;
When mute is every beast, and every bird,
Nor voice of man, nor sound of aught is heard ;
But all things lull'd in sympathetic sleep,
Still as thy dust, congenial silence keep ;
With musing Sorrow's pensive mood accord,
Revere the sacred grief, nor speak a word :

Thus sooth'd and aided by the associate scene,
Consenting all without, with all within;
Then full of thee, sweet sage! shall softly rise,
Sole breath that stirs, my lengthen'd stream of sighs;
Down o'er my cheek, uncheck'd, the dews shall
flow,

Of undisturb'd, undissipated woe;
My debt of tender thought be amply paid,
And with full sorrows satisfied thy shade!

ON THE GENERAL COMPLACENCY WITH WHICH
INFANTS ARE CONTEMPLATED.

WHENCE the delight, sweet Infancy,
That each fond eye derives from thee ?
Each feature of thy face is fair ;
But not a line of foul is there :
No sentiment those eyes display ;
Nor Fancy's flame, nor Judgment's ray ;
All void they roll, the blanks of mind,
Nor wit, nor wisdom, there I find :
Nor in their vacant circle lie
Or friendship, or philanthropy ;
In thy contracted bosom's space
Scarce e'en thy mother holds a place :
Yet each fond eye, sweet Infancy,
Delights to bend its look on thee.

I blush to tell the reason why ;
I blush for frail Humanity.
So oft the sense that time supplies
Proves but capacity of vice ;

A power to love and to believe
Th' illusions that to wrong deceive ;
A mental light that basely shines,
To guide the steps of dark designs ;
A miner's lamp, low paths to light,
Deeds under ground, the works of night ;
We turn from vice-encumber'd sense,
To smile on empty innocence.

Ah, say,—when man has mind attain'd,
What has the ripen'd creature gain'd ?
What are the lines of thought he wears ?
Furrows of dark, uncomely cares.
Now that it speaks, what *says* his eye ?
Perhaps it looks the silent lie ;
Or ugly Pride deforms its glance ;
Or Envy bends its ray askance ;
Or plotting Malice knits the brow,
And o'er the darken'd ball draws low ;
Or open Fury's dreadful glare,
Darting fierce sparkles, lightens there !

This scene of things, indignant, scan,
See Man, throughout, the pest of Man !

On yon cane-planted clustering shores,
Round which the western billow roars,
That whip, whose lash so loud resounds,
'Tis MAN that lifts, 'tis MAN it wounds !
The wretch in that dark room who pines,
'Tis not Disease, 'tis MAN confines !
Those corsees yonder plain that strew,
'Twas MAN, and not the tiger, flew !
Fir'd cities blacken heaven with smoke ;
'Twas MAN's red light'ning dealt the stroke ,

Eager, or gold, or power to gain,
What moral checks his heat restrain ?
Onward with furious haste he speeds,
And cares not over whom he treads.
When Force denies her open aid,
He asks of Fraud her coward shade.
What traps to catch his coming prey,
Wily he lays athwart the way !
See him, to win his fordid aim,
Profaning Friendship's hallowed name !
If to be servile speed his ends,
How low the servile spirit bends !

See godlike man, "erect and tall,"
Into an abject reptile fall !
The meanness that degrades his heart
Spreads vileness o'er each tainted part,
His limbs, his tongue, his face, his eyes ;
He bows, and crawls, and smiles, and lies !
In Traffic's sphere, that school of snares,
Extolling, good or ill, his wares,
He learns the credulous to cheat,
With smooth and eloquent deceit.
Each rival stirs his fiercest hate ;
To work his fall, he lies in wait ;
Assassin-like, with secret blow,
He lays his wounded fortunes low.
If, born to lift ambitious eyes,
He seeks in mystic courts to rise,
Of his dark breast each shrouded thought
Is wrapt in all the shades of plot :
He walks, a gloomy foe to light,
Obscene of mind, a man of night.
If gold, deriv'd from human ills,
(Heart-steeling source !) his coffer fills,
Those ills he views with glistening eyes !
Exulting hails them as they rise !

And, acting all we paint of hell,
Attempts their mournful sum to swell !
If adding clouds to clouded laws,
And whitening o'er the blackest cause,
His stream of affluence supply ;
Sworn foe of beauteous amity,
He smiles on all the broils of life,
And feeds, like Discord's fiend, the strife !
Or if he draw his growing wealth
From others' loss of valued health,
The sickening crowd with joy he sees ;
Far more their foe than their disease !
More swift to spoil them than relieve,
Less skill'd to save them than deceive,
By other arts than those that heal,
He builds on human woes his weal.
See, when of wealth or power possess't,
What hateful passions stain his breast !
Mark the proud scorn that fills his eye,
As dowerless Virtue passes by !
Behold the human spirit broke
Beneath his hard, domestic yoke !
Or, rais'd to yet more wide command,
And made the lord of all the land,

View him uprear his lofty head,
And on a prostrate nation tread,
Their hands with iron fetters bind;
With prejudice enchain their mind;
Studious to lengthen Error's shade,
Forbid the light of Truth to spread;
Least by that light the slaves should see,
They are not what they ought to be.

Hence the delight, sweet Infancy,
That each fond eye derives from thee.
Though no august, illustrious guest
Vouchsafe to lodge within thy breast;
Though Virtue's azure mantle, there,
Nor Truth with sunshine-vest appear;
Yet there we mark, with mild delight,
The Maid that wears the robe of white.

From stain thy spotless heart is free:
No tongue hath ill to tell of thee.
Nor crimes remembered bid thee weep,
Nor crimes projected break thy sleep.
No fordid passions odious heat
Hath made, as yet, thy breast its seat.

This world, our vice so dark hath made,
Owes, yet, to thine no added shade.

'Mid the wide scene of barbarous deeds,
No wound, of thy inflicting, bleeds.

Not one of all the injur'd throng

Calls thee the author of his wrong.

No wretch, to want and slavery born,

Hath had from thee a look of scorn ;

Or dropt the proud indignant tear,

Thine insolence of rule to bear ;

Or, with successless plaint, implor'd

A morsel from thy loaded board.

No falsehood in that aspect smiles ;

Those lips no adulation oils ;

Thy guileless eyes thine heart declare ;

Index of all that passes there :

No physiognomy we need,

Thy bosom's bottom clear to read.

For this, each eye, sweet Infancy,

Delights to bend its look on thee !

Since stronger souls their strength employ,

And strain their powers but to destroy ;

Complacence turns her view from thence
To feebleness and innocence.

Since vigorous falcons tyrants are,
The hovering terror of the air ;
Since eagles dip their beaks in blood,
And make their meal on throbbing food ;
From them the falling eye of Love
Drops to the weak, but harmless dove.

It glads Affection's soul to see
The sharers of her smile agree :
And he whose heart from blot is clear,
And to whose bosom both are dear,
(What seldom long remain allied,
What life's fell scenes too soon divide,)
Is pleas'd to catch, while yet he can,
United, innocence and man.

THE CONTRAST.

As late I stray'd, with careless step,
And raptur'd eye, o'er hills and plains;
Sudden a sylvan, cool retreat
A while my roving foot detains.

The trees, in scatter'd clusters, spread
Their green relief from summer's blaze !
The feather'd concourse throng'd the shade,
Chanting their wild and choral lays.

Sweet glades the leafy glooms divide
With pleasing intervals of light ;
While the rich landscape's distant pride,
Thro' happiest inlets, reach'd the sight.

Each beauteous flower around me blew,
That e'er in Nature's garden blows :
No bush without its woodbine grew ;
On every bramble blush'd the rose.

“ Relic of ancient Paradise !
In mercy left !” entranc’d I said :
Here, here shall rest my wand’ring eyes,
And here my wand’ring limbs be laid.

Reclin’d, I gaze with transport round,
All to romantic thought resign’d !
Enchantment seems to bless the ground,
And sweet enthusiasm wraps my mind !

Soothing, Arcadian dreams arise,
Of nymphs, and swains, and love-carv’d trees,
And bowers and garlands, lutes and sighs,
And pastoral innocence and peace.

Now o’er fair Venus’ vernal court,
Scene of delight, my fancy roves ;
And sees the Loves and Graces sport
’Mong myrtle shades, and cassia groves.

Sudden, the flowery vision flies !
The Loves outspread their purple wings,
And speed their flight with piercing cries ;
While Horror round his shadow flings !

In part conceal'd by yonder bough,
A form that raises musings drear,
Now strikes mine eye, that not till now
Had turn'd its glance attentive there.

Long to the shuddering trav'ler shown,
Lo! the black chain of infamy!
And lo! the last, dry, crumbling bone
Of him the laws condemn'd to die!

Say, what dire omens curs'd thy birth,
Oh born, unblest, to sad despair?
Say, for what crime, outcast from earth,
Thus grimly sepulchred in air?

Dark, dismal pictures now employ
My pensive breast, and thence expel
All lightsome forms of gentle joy;
Ye smiling images, farewell!

Dire scenes succeed: The tragic blade
Gleams horrible thro' night's dun gloom!
And Murder, shrouded in the shade,
Steals soft along th' invaded room!

And now, I view the trembling steel,
While clos'd in sleep the victim's eye,
With hurried thrusts, deep gashes deal !
The wretch awakes ! awakes to die !

Reveal'd by morn, the midnight deed
Suspends the pale discoverer's breath !
I hear the scream of horror spread !
I see the purple couch of death !

The murderer flies ; but flies in vain ;
Seiz'd by the outstretch'd arm of Law :
The fullen prisoner clanks his chain,
Laid helpless on the scatter'd straw.

Oh, hateful close ! sense-withering fight !
See God's scath'd image mould'ring there :
The seat of Reason's holy light
Debas'd the fowls of heaven to scare !

Oh, iron state of rude mankind !
Thou human thing, of man accurst,
What virtues would have warm'd thy mind,
Had scenes of kindlier influence nurs'd !

Society's deserted child !
From her neglect thine errors flowed :
She left thine heart untrain'd and wild,
Nor paid the Mother's cares she owed.

Heedless within thee to instil
Of just and right perceptions clear,
She but proclaim'd her lordly will,
And call'd no passion forth but fear.

Each rising scene of opening life
To thy deluded fancy showed,
For gold, one feverish, maddening strife,
As gold contain'd all human good.

The bloated sons of Luxury,
With costly fare, to surfeit fed,
Met, on each side, thine envious eye,
And fir'd thy wish for more than bread.

Thou saw'st Respect's uplifted eyes
The rich, whate'er their crimes, adore,
Thou saw'st the rich the poor despise,
And thee despise for being poor.

Thou saw'st the great ones of the globe
To their too much yet adding more ;
Array'd in robes of honour rob,
And deluge fields with seas of gore.

Thou knew'st that, on their blood-stain'd plain,
In dying anguish MILLIONS groan !
And, thy more humble ends to gain,
Thine arm was rais'd to murder *one*.

Then they, whose ill tuition sowed,
(Too quick of growth) the baneful seed,
The plant with fierce intolerance mowed,
Because it prov'd a noxious weed !

And was it here, oh, heavy doom !
Thou bad'st the beauteous day adieu ?
And wore the earth this gladsome bloom ?
And wore the heav'ns this cloudless blue ?

Oh Death ! more gloomy look'd thy shade
To the sad exile from the light,
As in this scene the wretch survey'd
Whate'er can charm the ravish'd sight !

The first offender thus his eye
O'er Eden's forfeit beauties threw;
And, heaving sorrow's deepest sigh,
Breath'd to his bowers a long adieu.

Ye who direct the social state,
Which tauntingly ye civil call!
Who whip the crimes yourselves create,
Yourselves most criminal of all!

Irreverent of life's sacred flame,
Who, when a wretch your law has broke,
Without one effort to reclaim,
Reprove by stern destruction's stroke!

Cannot the *city's* ample room
Your polity's dark frowns confine,
That thus they spread their angry gloom,
Where loveliest Nature smiles benign?

And fail thy shades, sweet Solitude,
From social ills to screen my view?
Here must the odious forms intrude?
Hither my tortur'd eye pursue?

Oh, violation most profane !
That thus disfigures scenes like these ;
And fills each gentler breast with pain,
Where all around conspires to please !

Hither, ye erring rulers, come ;
O'er this bland picture roll your eyes ;
Observe how soft the landscape's bloom !
The tender azure of these skies !

Instructed in this genial school,
Mellow your crude, inclement plan :
Copy mild Nature's gentle rule,
And learn, like her, to smile on man.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

OH Pity ! maid of warm, dissolving soul !
Whose lips effuse one soft, unceasing sigh ;
Whose eyes o'er all the world of misery roll,
With tenderest dew's adorn'd, and ne'er a moment
dry :

Turn thy moist gaze to yon untimely tomb ;
There, where that yew tree throws its night of
shade,
Black'ning the scene with a religious gloom ;
Anthelia's faded form 'tis there that they have laid.

Say, hast thou seen, and hast thou sorrowing seen,
Kill'd by the east, a beauteous rose-bud die,
Just as the red peep'd thro' the parting green,
Forbid t' unrol its blush to Expectation's eye ?

Say, hast thou view'd, and hast thou sigh'd to
view,

Dark, envious clouds eclipse the orient ray,
And, swift the reign of Darkness to renew,
In shades untimely veil the rosy youth of Day?

O'er lost Anthelia's turf then drop thy tear :
Then sigh thy sorrows o'er Anthelia's stone :
For fairest rose-bud never bloom'd so fair !
For morning's loveliest beams ne'er half so lovely
shone !

By swift privations Heav'n her patience prov'd :
Full soon each parent's wing withdrew its shade ;
She saw disease consume whom most she lov'd :
She felt its stealing power her own frail form in-
vade.

That form was fair : but drew no borrow'd grace
From aught that Fashion's glitt'ring daughters
wear :

Fated, fair sufferer ! was thy beauteous face
To be set off alone by sorrow's glistering tear,

In Misery's school the docile pupil sat :
 Death snatch'd her friends, and Health her youth
 forsook :

Yet not a whisper once complain'd of fate,
 Heav'n stay'd her leaning heart, and Peace becalm'd
 her look.

'Mid life's black storms, their angry fires that
 fling
 At each fair bough where man's fond heart would
 fit ;

On which the wanderer hopes to rest its wing,
 And build its nest of joys, and carol its delight ;

Thy foot, white dove, Religion's laurel found :
 Fixt on that hallow'd branch, serene, and safe,
 Thou saw'st the harmless light'nings play around ;
 Assur'd, no lawless flash durst singe the holy leaf.

Say, Death, thou never pausing conqueror, say,
 A brighter spoil did e'er thy trophy boast ?
 Ye shining tenants of eternal day !
 When did a fairer mind e'er reach your blissful coast ?

Descend, some radiant seraph, from the skies,
Descend, and tell us how Anthelia sings :
Paint the high rapture kindling in her eyes !
Say with how sweet a touch she sweeps her sound-
ing strings.

Fond Fancy ! cease. Anthelia's fame to raise,
The labouring muse, with vain ambition, tries :
Anthelia hears not the aspiring praise ;
Lost in the grander note of loud-acclaiming skies.

Living, she lov'd each chaste and simple grace ;
Let no vain sculpture tell where low she lies :
Thy modest violet, Nature, deck the place ;
More elegant than all that toiling Art supplies.

Oft to the spot domestic * Grief repairs,
In pensive solitude to sooth her care,
And wet the mournful hillock with her tears ;
While Nature's gentle hand leads the fair pilgrim
there.

* A surviving sister, then sole relic of the family.

Night, to the solemn dwellings of the dead,
 Had lent its awful stillness and its gloom ;
 And the sick moon a languid beam display'd ;
 When forth she went to weep o'er the accustom'd
 tomb :

“ Sad Phoebe ! ” said she, “ dost thou mourn thy
 wanes :

Ah ! mourn for mine : my borrow'd joys are gone :
 Of all my full-orb'd blifs no ray remains,
 To gild the sad opaque that late so splendid shone !

Say, great Eternal, why forbid to blow
 This beauteous gem ? oh, tell a wonderer, why !
 While noxious weeds so long unwithering grow ! ”
 Hark ! yonder shining form, mild leaning from
 the sky :

“ Nor mourn, nor murmur, child of frailty,
 more ;

Nor let thy soul in vain researches rove :
 Patient attend the hour, when Truth shall pour
 A clear unclouded light o'er Heaven's unsullied
 love.”

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE soul of song mine ear receives !
Sure, the sweet Deity of sound
To the still grove a lesson gives,
And feather'd scholars listen round !

The ravish'd world suspends its roar :
Creation all is mute to hear :
While artless music's utmost power
Is pour'd in Nature's wondering ear !

Pleas'd with her single chantress, Night,
Contented, scorns to envy Day ;
Though countless warblers loud unite,
To sing his all-inspiring ray.

Now all the Landscape's lost in shade,
And Light forakes the mourning eye,
It seems as pitying Sound essayed
His all of solace to supply.

The first soft rising of the lay
So gently pleas'd attention wins,
Scarce can the stillest hearkener say,
When silence ends, and voice begins.

By fine degrees her tuneful throat
Attains its silver height of song;
Then pours the round, dilated note,
And breathes the mellow smoothness long.

So when the heart Ulysses stole,
With accents low his lips began ;
The music slowly swell'd its roll,
Till in full tides the honey ran.

TO A ROBIN,

WHOSE NEST HAD BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THE
AUTHOR'S GARDEN, WHERE IT HAD LONG
BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO BUILD.

SPARE thy reproach, thou more than tongue,
That little, lively eye !
It was not I that stole thy young ;
Indeed it was not I.

With pleasure equal to thine own,
I've watch'd thy tender brood ;
And mark'd how fondly thou hast flown,
To bear them daily food.

Nor e'en than thine with less delight,
I look'd and long'd to see,
The first attempts of infant flight,
With patience taught by thee.

And now that restless thou dost rove,
And with sad note repine,
Think not, lorn mourner, that I prove
A pang less keen than thine.

Ah, base were he, whose hand could stain
Fair hospitality,
With act so foul as thus to pain
An harmless guest like thee.

Pursue me not from spray to spray :
How shall I teach my tongue
Some sound that may to thee convey,
I did not do the wrong ?

Oh, that I knew, sweet innocent,
The language of thy kind ;
Or could some lucid sign invent,
Fitting thy feeble mind !

This spot indignant do not quit ;
Thy confidence replace ;
And here with generous trust commit,
Once more, thy tender race.

For here thy young have oft before
Securely spread the wing :
Oh grant my shades one trial more,
Here pass one other spring.

Meanwhile this comfort I will take,
Not long thy woes shall last :
All hearts but man's soon cease to ache :
Thy griefs shall soon be past.

For him, whose hand hath broke thy rest,
Be this his curse through life ;
A mind, by the mild muse unblest,
Base care and vulgar strife.

LOUISA.

A SONG.

As with Louisa late I sat,
In yonder secret grove,
How fondly did each bosom beat,
And pour its tale of love!

Eve's tuneful bird, with sweetest lay,
Inspir'd the tranquil place :
Eve's silver star, with purest ray,
Beam'd on the chaste embrace.

But now the tender scene is o'er,
What tongue my grief can tell?
In yonder grove I meet no more
The maid I love so well!

Yet still, at evening's custom'd hour,
With feelings sadly sweet,
I seek, in Love's forsaken bower,
My solitary seat.

There Philomela's tuneful tongue
Still fooths my penfive ear :
Ah ! 'tis the fame melodious fong
Louifa lov'd to hear !

And ftill I joy to mark, the while,
The ftar of Venus fhine ;
Which faw the blufh, the tear, the fmile,
That fpoke Louifa mine !

Her dear idea finely tied
To each lov'd object there,
I ftill behold her at my fide,
And clasp the fhadowy fair.

TO THE SUN.

A FRAGMENT.

Written in the Spring.

THOU dazzling ball ! vast universe of flame !
Idol sublime ! Error's most glorious god !
Whose peerless splendours plead in the excuse
Of him that worships thee, and shine away
The sin of pagan knees ! whose awful orb,
Though Truth informs my more enlightened creed,
Almost entices my o'er-ravished heart
To turn idolator, and tempts my mouth
To kiss my hand before thee. Nature's pride !
Of matter most magnificent display !
Bright masterpiece of dread Omnipotence !
Ocean of splendour ! wond'rous world of light !
Thy sweet return my kindled lays salute.

Hail, amiable vision ! every eye
Looks up and loves thee ; every tongue proclaims,

'Tis pleasant to behold thee ; rosy Health,
And laughing Joy, thy beauteous daughters, play
Before thy face for ever, and rejoice
In thine indulgent ray. Nature mourns
Thine annual departure ; in despair,
Like one forsaken by her love, she sits,
And tears from off her all her gay attire,
And drowns her face in tears, and languid lies,
As if of life devoid : but lo, she lives !
She lives again ! her glorious rover comes,
To wake her from her lethargy of woe,
And warm her into beauty with his smile.

Fountain of inspiration ! fir'd by thee,
Imagination's sacred tumults rise,
And pour upon the fair, immortal page,
The splendid image and the burning word !
Oh hallow'd hour ! o'erflowing with delight !
Moments of more than earthly ecstasy !
When the blest bard, panting beneath thy rays,
Feels the fine rapture silently infus'd
Into his agitated breast ; and full
Of his bright god, with lofty fury raves,
Celestially disturb'd ! till the strong flames,

That his whole soul to heavenly madness heat,
Have spent their blaze in all the rage of song !

Great Conflagration ! whose immortal fires,
With mystic, everlasting fuel fed,
Flame with a generous fury, flame to spread
Far other scene than smoking ruin round,
Fair flowers and smiling verdure, fields that wave
With yellow wealth, and boughs that stoop beneath
Their blushing load, with affluence opprest !

Great Father of the system ! round whose
throne,
In filial circles all thy children shine,
Exulting in thy kind, paternal smile !
Well-order'd family ! for ever free
From jarring strife ; harmonious moving on
In easy dance ; and calling human Life
To lift the music of your silent glide,
And make its social system chime like yours.
Preceptors sweet of concert and of love !
Had but this noisy scene an ear to learn.

Or is thy name, The Student's sacred Lamp,

Hung up on high, and trimm'd by Heaven's own
hand?

By whose pure light, more precious to his eye,
Than that which trembles on his nightly page,
(Man's puny tome,) with silent joy he reads
The broad, instructive sheet, which thou hast held,
All wise Instructor ! to thy pupil man,
Through every age. Invaluable book !
In schools unrival'd, though but little read !
Fair, faultless piece ! immortal work of Heaven !
Bible of ages ! boundless word of God !
Writ in a language to all nations known ;
And, through all time, with care divine, preserv'd
From all corrupt interpolations pure.

Or art thou Nature's Eye, to whose keen sight
The system's utmost circle naked lies ?——
Oh, tell a curious mortal all thou seest !
Say, by what various beings tenanted,
The orbs that borrow thy refulgent blaze ;
Made of what matter ; moulded to what form ;
Blest with what organs ; with what minds inform'd ;
Spurr'd by what passions ; on what arts intent ;
Eager in what pursuits ; and by what ties

Combin'd :—Oh, say, all-searching Radiance, say,
(For doubtless moral and immortal all,) Taught by what discipline the generous love
Of beauteous Virtue ; to what duties call'd ;
By what temptations urg'd to act those deeds
Which stain thy day, and by what motives fir'd,
With moral splendours, to outshine thy beams.
Say, radiant Witness, if around thee move
A world, on whose o'erwatching angels' cheek
There rolls a tear so sad, there glows a blush
Of hue so deep, as our dark scene hath caus'd
In the griev'd Seraph, who this circling earth
Wheels in her course, and with his guardian wing
O'er shades from ill ? All-seeing Splendour, tell,
In any other globe that drinks thy rays,
Swerves moral life, as here it swerves, from right ?
Fall elsewhere thy pure beams, as here they fall,
On scenes whose colours will not bear the light ?
Seest thou, in other seats of being, Fraud,
Industrious deceiver, spinning fine
Her artful web of complicated lines,
To catch Simplicity's unheedful wing ?
Or meet thy view th' oppressive and th' proud,
Who on their fellows look contemptuous down,

And o'er them walk, as reptiles in their path ?
Or opens, shock'd, thy mild, and morning eye
Upon the mangled lifeless shrine that lodg'd
God's holy likeness, an immortal mind,
That for this violation loud arraigns
One, in the same celestial image fram'd,
Who, (foul abuser of the friendly gloom
Thy seasonable absence kindly made,
To cheer, by freshening stops, the race of life,)
Glid to the sleeper's couch, and seal'd his eyes
In everlasting slumbers ; while his own
Abhor'd thy rise, and deem'd the blushing east
Lurid and gloomy as the shades of death ?
Or stalks the murderer forth, and braves the day,
As in our theatre of ills he stalks,
With swarms of dire accomplices collegued,
Countless as locusts in their blackest cloud,
Of reasoning vermin an o'erwhelming plague !
Most noxious class of all destructive things !
To whose vast rage, and arch malignity,
The living curses torrid Afric breeds,
Where quicken'd venom breathes, and monsters
thrive,
Are nature's innocence, and golden reign !

Artists in mischief ! keen inventive pests !
Before whom all the blooming landscape smiles,
(Ah, vainly smiles, their fury to disarm !)
While nought but dreary waste behind them
 glooms,
The dismal vestige of their withering course ?
Or stands our hapless planet all alone
And singular in folly ? only star,
Of all thy beams illumine, where thy lamp
Rises to light the ugly works of Vice,
Or sets to veil them from Detection's eye ?
Eccentric orb, in whose wild scene alone,
The beams of intellectual radiance shine,
And shine not all benignly like thine own ?

Or wilt thou tell, of thy revolving spheres,
Which wears the bays of genius ? whose quick sons
Have shot, with farthest wing, into the field
Of Nature's works ; or most sublimely soar'd,
On eagle pinions, to that Parent-Sun,
At whose eternal glories thine were lit ?
Say, hast thou seen a creature's compass take
An ampler sweep over the dread immense,
Than that which turned obedient to the hand

Of him we NEWTON name, our earth's proud
boast?

Or, in which world of this our neighbourhood,
Hath there been wav'd a wand of mightier call
Than our renown'd, immortal SHAKESPEAR mov'd
O'er Nothing's vast profound, and said, Let be,
And, lo, it was ! lo, a bright universe
Of great and fair, of transports, and of woes,
And charming fears ! in bards or fages, say,
Which is the ball that bears away the prize?——

ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD
WHICH THE AUTHOR KEPT AT COLLEGE.

MUST thou, sweet bird, no more thy master cheer?
No more shall I thine artless chantings hear?
Oh skill'd in music's pure simplicity!
How have my tranquil hours been blest by thee!
When tir'd with efforts of laborious thought,
Sooth'd were my languors by thy sprightly note:
When borne on Poesy's swift-failing wing,
To some fair scene, all paradise and spring,
Listening to thee, I felt the scene more fair,
And with a wilder transport wander'd there:
When (by dark, threat'ning clouds a captive
made)
I sigh'd for vernal scene, and vocal shade,
While thy domestic warblings chas'd my spleen,
I miss'd nor vocal shade, nor vernal scene.
Each day I listen'd to thy varied song,
Pleas'd with the labours of thy little tongue:
Sweet was thy song, when morning shed its ray;
Sweet was thy song, when evening clos'd the day.

When care oppress'd me, thou could'st bid it flee;
When friends were far, I found a friend in thee.
The most melodious dweller in the grove,
Ne'er told in notes so soft its artless love.
Well knows the clear-ton'd blackbird how to sing,
And with sweet sounds to hail the welcome spring;
Charm'd with the song, the silent swain the while,
Leans on his staff, and listens with a smile;
Yet must the jetty songster's sweetest note
Yield to the strains that tremble in thy throat!
Oft have I mark'd the active sky-lark rise,
On soaring wings, ambitious of the skies;
Oft have I stood the ascending song to hear,
Till the lost songster lessen'd into air:
Much have I prais'd the lively melody—
But more I prize the notes that flow from thee!
When the fall'n sun but faintly streaks the sky,
And softer colours sooth the pensive eye;
The plaining chantress of the night I love,
Warbling her sadness to the silent grove:
Thro' the calm air the lone mellifluous song
Pours its full tide of harmony along:
Low it begins, while all is hush'd around,
And gently steals from silence into sound:

With gradual rise ascends the skilful lay,
Prolongs the liquid swell, and slowly melts away.
Sweet is the strain, as Hammond's tender line;
Dear is the song—but not so dear as thine*!

Yet ere I go, this honest sigh receive!
'Tis all thy parting master has to give.
Oh! as thy last, be thy next owner kind!
Give him, benignant Heaven, a gentle mind!
Each day, with punctual hand, let him bestow
Whate'er of bliss thy little breast can know;
Thy cheap and simple pleasures ne'er forget,
And strive to make thy captive moments sweet.
So may kind stars on all his wishes shine!
Calm be his breast, sweet songster, calm as thine!

* The author hopes the reader will not suspect him of so ill a taste, even at that juvenile age when this trifle was written, as to have preferred the note of a Canary bird to the song of the Nightingale; but will look upon this humble tribute of praise to so humble a subject as flowing from partial attachment to an individual of the species which its society had endeared to him: a feeling, to which indulgence is as due, as to that local or personal fondness, which leads us to ascribe beauties to scenes of nature amid which we have passed delightful years, or excellencies to characters with whom we have long maintained an intercourse of kindness, which no eyes but our own are able to discover.

Flow all his hours like thy melodious lay
 Smooth and harmonious, let 'em glide away.
 Till at the last his kindred soul shall fly,
 Where the seraphic minstrels of the sky
 Sweep from their silver wires immortal harmony.

TO A ROBIN

FRIGHTENED FROM ITS NEST BY THE
AUTHOR'S APPROACH.

FOND, timid creature ! fear not me ;
Think not I mean to injure thee ;
I am not come with hard intent,
To steal the treasure Heaven hath sent ;
Hovering with fond anxiety
Around thine unfledg'd family,
Fearful and tender as thou art,
Each step alarms thy failing heart !
But let those fluttering plumes lie still,
Those needless terrors cease to feel !
Why hop so fast from bough to bough ?
Thou hear'st no hostile footstep now.
Compose thy feathers, ease thy fear,
No cruel purpose brought me here ;
I came not rudely to invade
The little dwelling thou hast made ;
To hurt thy fair domestic peace,
And wound parental tenderness,

Perish the hand, th' ungentle hand,
That against Nature's loud command,
Thine humble pleasures could molest,
And pierce so innocent a breast.
And doubly curst, sweet red-breast, he
That steals thine helpless young from thee,
When cheerless, wintry scenes appear,
Thy sprightly song well-pleas'd we hear;
And he that robs thee of thy young
But ill repays that sprightly song.
Kind Heaven protect thy tender brood!
Secret and safe be their abode;
Let no malign, exploring eye
The little tenement descry.
Still may thy fond, assiduous care
Thine offspring unmolested rear:
Teach them, like thee, to spread the wing,
And teach them too, like thee, to sing.
And may each pure felicity
That birds can feel, be felt by thee.
When gloomy winter shall appear,
And clouds deform the weeping year;
When cold thy little frame shall chill,
And piercing hunger thou shalt feel;

Then from each rude tempestuous wind
Some genial shelter may'st thou find;
Some gentle mansion let thee come,
And peck the hospitable crumb;
Till spring once more revive the plain,
And bid thee frame thy nest again.



AN ODE
ON THE
COMMEMORATION
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION,
IN THE
CHAMP DE MARS,

JULY 14, 1792.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE reader is desired, in perusing the following ode, to keep the date of it in his eye; that he may not imagine that that unmoderated admiration of the French Revolution, which runs through it, extends to any of the transactions by which the cause of liberty in France was afterwards disgraced. He is requested to remember, that it was written at a moment when the subject of its praise was as yet a fair and unspotted event: when the friend of humanity contemplated in the French Nation, the beautiful spectacle of an innumerable and unanimous family, exulting in the new possession of liberty, calmly resolving to relinquish it but with life, and adorning the grandeur of heroic resolution with the amiable smiles of fraternal amity: and as little suspected that its honour was to be stained by members of its own, as that its cause was to be opposed by a People, which had long insulted the slavery of Europe by the loudness of its boasts of freedom.

To enable the reader the more readily to understand this poem, it will be proper to inform him, that the ordinary solemnity in the CHAMP DE MARS was preceded, on the day which these lines particularly celebrate, by the additional ceremony of laying the first stone of a free school, which was at that time intended to be erected, on the ground where the BASTILLE stood; in order that the principles of liberty might be inculcated, on the very spot where they had been most outrageously violated. The place was gaily decorated for the occasion, and formed a striking contrast to the images of horror, of which it had been so lately the seat. With this previous ceremony the poem commences, and then proceeds to the other, and principal one. At each of them the author was present; and the sentiments, which he expresses in this performance, are precisely those which the scene immediately excited. In writing it, he had only to recollect the emotions of the day. The spectacle was his Muse, and the calling it up to the eye of his imagination has been the only invocation he has exercised.

A N O D E

ON THE 14TH OF JULY, 1792.

I.

'Tis come at length, the tardy light is come :
 Long, vainly rolling o'er the lingering gloom,
 These sleepless eyes have waited for the morn :
 Welcome, bright orb ! exulting, I behold
 Thy boundless sea of flowing gold,
 Unfollied by a cloud, this sacred day adorn !
 Foul scenes there are thine eye that fear ;
 This work thy fullest look will bear :
 For since thy fount of all-exploring light
 Sent forth its first-effused and virgin stream,
 Startling the shades of old establish'd night,
 Ne'er on a scene so fair hath fallen thy lovely beam !

II.

Lo ! to the smiles of Nature new,
 Yon spot, but late revealed to view,
 In gloom mysterious long that awful lay,
 While he that pass'd it, droop'd and trembled by,

In florid pomp, on this her festive day,
First meets the laughing eye of gay Philanthropy!

III.

Hail! rescued ground! thy groans are o'er:
Reliev'd at length is thy long-loaded breast
Of the dire burden it impatient bore,
The huge, enormous mansion of the oppress'd!
Fall'n is that many-chamber'd tomb,
Where, plung'd in deep, sepulchral gloom,
Buried for ever from the eye of day,
Remov'd from action's busy sphere,
Dead to each breast that held them dear,
And lost to all the world, the living lay:
Retaining conscious nature but to know,
That all 'tis soothing to perceive was fled!
Whose lamp of mind but flung its light to show
How drear the grave which wrapt them in its shade!
Oh Death! how smile thy cavern's beauteous
 glooms,
To the grim night of those tremendous rooms,
Where widowed life, of all its joys bereft,
Health's genial glow and Hope's inspiring beam,

Pursuit's sweet toil, and Friendship's sparkling eye,
 Had but a languid pulse, to mark it, left;
 A power to think, with misery for the theme;
 And breath, that all was spent in one eternal sigh!

IV.

There, 'dark and dank, the fiend Impurity,
 That flies the sun, and hates the breezy sky,
 Beneath her slimy wing outspread,
 Which frightful vital influence shed,
 Of crawling life hatch'd her detested brood;
 To render dire th' already joyless gloom,
 And Horror bring, where Comfort could not come!
 Freezing the heart, much craving to be cheer'd,
 Of him that long no friendly voice had heard,
 Nor gladdening smile of bland affection seen;
 For many a year of creeping moments made,
 Whose social breast had hopeless pin'd
 For dear communion with its absent kind;
 And, hungry, famish'd for society,
 Could have its keen affections fed
 E'en with a poor familiar fly,
 But shuddering loath'd the animal obscene,
 The moving Foulness, that had life unclean!

V.

'Tis down, and millions shout the deed;
The wall that dreadful secrets hid !
Loud be the trump of victory blown,
'The house where Anguish dwelt is down !
'That unseen world, so long conceal'd,
Righteous Vengeance has reveal'd !
The massy-curtain'd mystery
Shuts out no more the curious eye :
The stony veil is rent away,
And all the scenes o'errun with Day :
Before resistless Valour's eyes
The naked hell uncovered lies !
See, the gay, detected ground,
Fairly clad, as bravely found !
Hence, the place so long that held,
The hags of Horror are expell'd !
Flown as if they ne'er had been !
And lo ! the new, the alter'd scene !
Where faint and languid sighs alone
Were all the sounds for ages known,
Feverish breath of sick Despair
'That feebly mov'd the stagnant air,

Hark ! the shouts of transport rise !
 And boisterous pœans rend the skies !
 See fairest Powers the seat possessing,
 And with sweetest influence blessing !
 Lo, the long excluded Air,
 With her purest breeze is there !
 Where iron lattice grudg'd the day,
 And dealt the wretch a stinted ray,
 All her affluence Light displays,
 Her fullest luxury of blaze !
 Health ! thy animated rose
 In a throng of faces glows !
 And Flora has her tribute brought,
 To deck, with blooming grace, the spot ;
 And Fancy's hand the gift receives,
 And weaves in artful forms the leaves ;
 Her pleasing skill combines a festive scene,
 With flowers of warmest blush, and boughs of
 liveliest green !

VI.

Immortal glory mark the splendid hour,
 That prov'd o'er Vice almighty Virtue's power !

Long the proud turrets brav'd the wrath of Heaven;
Spar'd by the passing storm, they stood uncleft,
By man's red justice fated to be riven;
The skies to earth this glorious tempest left!
A people's rous'd omnipotence arose;
Bar'd the right arm that awes its impious foes;
Then, at the guilty walls the thunder threw:
Endur'd, how long they stood, shall History tell;
The sleep of Patience o'er, how soon they fell,
When, launch'd by public Zeal, the vengeful
light'nings flew!

VII.

No more from this once hated place,
Offended Freedom, shalt thou turn thy face!
Here shall thine altar, injur'd queen, arise,
And woo this way thy long-averted eyes!
Oh, hither bend thy kind, relenting sight!
Regard the suppliant train, th' atoning rite!
The solemn invocation, Freedom, hear,
And yield thee to a people's forceful prayer!
Oh, enter, Goddess, enter to thy rest,
Mount thy firm throne in Gallia's ardent breast.

This just reverse hath happiest Wisdom plan'd,
Where stood the tyrant's tower, should thy fair
temple stand :

Where giant Vice rear'd high his monstrous head,
In virtue's school young Innocence shall grow ;
Where wan Despair saw life's bright prospects fade,
" Gay Hope" in youth's romantic breast shall
glow.

VIII.

For thy fall'n altars, Freedom, leave to fight :
New-lighted flames adore thy deity.
No more that ground, with sad attention, view,
Which matchless Art's prostrated wonders strew ;
Where Time his proudest act hath done,
And most majestic things o'erthrown :
Where, round him spread, a glorious prey,
Slow melts magnificence away :
And where, as stern in gloomy state he reigns,
And counts, with wide survey, his crumbling piles,
Towers, theatres, and palaces, and fanes,
And on the fractur'd pomp and ragged grandeur
smiles ;

The firen Luxury sits exulting by,
Flush'd with her yet more splendid victory
O'er the fall'n mind, which she so low hath laid !
Those moral columns all decayed,
That held aloft its towering head,
And prop'd the high aspiring deed !
And much it sooths her glistening eye,
To see that noble frame in ruins lie,
Whose substance only she could penetrate ;
That proudly had defied all other fate,
And lifted still its top sublime,
Intangible to eating Time.
Then claps the beauteous witch her wings,
And, with a laugh of triumph, tells
The bearded victor of all meaner things,
In ruin's work how far her note his scythe ex-
cels !

IX.

Avert from thence, and wipe thine eye,
Thy sacred sorrows, Goddess, dry,
Nor more with hoary Tiber mourn,
Survivor of thy vanish'd sons,

Who hangs dejected o'er his urn,
 Companion of a mother's moans !
 Nor weep, Ilissus' lucid wave
 Must feats of languid dulness lave ;
 And the lorn silver flow along,
 Forsook of science and of song.
 Nor grieve, Meander, wreathes his way,
 Unsung his amber's sweet delay :
 Lo ! laughing Seine consoles thy care ;
 No mortal honours wait thee there :
 On those blest shores thy flame shall glow,
 Long as the endless stream shall flow,
 If, ne'er to be recal'd, the sacred word,
 Forth from His mouth that went, aright I heard,
 Just Heaven hath sworn his waters ne'er again
 Shall wash a haughty tyrant's drear domain.

X.

“ They shall not ”——the resounding tribes re-
 pair,
 To yon vast plain, with one loud voice, to swear.
 Behold the brave, the kindling thousands met !
 The mingling breasts with patriot ardours beat !

As o'er this ample and thick-peopled space,
That seems to hold th' assembled human race,
She strives to stretch her eager, aching eye,
High leaps the heart of blest Humanity;
With more than mortal joy her bosom heaves;
In-rushing heaven her labouring soul receives;
Opprest she trembles with the bliss divine,
Rapt, Freedom, by the thought, this wond'rous
throng is thine !

XI.

Hark !—silence ne'er was broke
By such a sound before !
In that swol'n voice, each awe-struck frame that
shook,
A NATION spoke——a NATION swore !
Mighty and marvellous, her voice
Up to high heaven makes a majestic noise !
Th' embodied breath of myriads beats the ear,
That scarce the airy onset knows to bear !
Responsive cannon join the deaf'ning stroke,
Whose blows sublime complete the glorious
shock !

So grand the cause, 'tis meet who nobly dare
 Thus give the gods their word, in thunder swear !
 Heroic oath ! the brave that best becomes !
 Their foes to foul defeat that dooms ;
 The oath that binds them to be free :
 Sounds ! that turn the oppressor pale ;
 His hope that crush, his heart that quail ;
 Sounds ! that prevail to bring down Victory :
 Pulled by their magic call, compelled descend
 The Goddess of the palm, and the strong spell at-
 tends.

XII.

Despots ! ye are overcome !
 Those mighty words pronounced your doom.
 Thought ye, the marching things ye move,
 Prick'd by nor generous hate nor love,
 Could 'gainst the animated band
 Of MINDS that rush to meet them stand ?
 'Tis not the sinew vigour gives ;
 'Tis the soul that in it lives :
 Or dreamt ye, the dull valour's thoughtless fires,
 A senseless plant's fermented juice inspires,

(Oh, all unlearn'd in Nature's holy laws !)
Could their high frenzy match, whose cordial is
their cause !

XIII.

Hail, then, virtuous convocation !
Wisely met, illumined nation !
Convened to frame th' undaunted mind
That dares defy the world combined ;
To feed, with glowing rites and high,
The Lion of your liberty ;
Instructed well that brave RESOLVE is POWER,
And 'tis the strong-built soul that forms your
mightiest tower.
Thus, whether your or hostile arms shall speed,
Yourself, to day, sublimely have decreed :
Your own strong fates, almighty men ! ye make,
Nor leave in Fortune's hand so rich a stake.
Scorning to wait her blind capricious smile,
And humbly wish, and meekly hope the while,
The tame suspense your spirit not endures :
Victory, with voice imperious, it demands ;
Seizes with violent and lusty hands,

And gloriously forces to be yours !
 This flame, O Gallia, while thy sons possess,
 Thy cause omnipotent COMMANDS success :
 Souls, thus inspired, shall mock at steel ;
 Thou canst not fall, while thus they feel :
 Long as that spring is in their breast,
 The spring that WILL NOT be oppress ;
 That under all th' incumbent weight,
 A hostile world's confederate great
 Can on th' elastic zeal high piling lay,
 Hath power to uplift itself, and toss the load away !

XIV.

Oh Brutus ! with how clear and changed a brow,
 “ If thy brave spirit look upon us now,”
 From that thou wor’st, all clouded o’er,
 In conquer’d Virtue’s adverse hour,
 Dost thou this bright reverse survey,
 And hail her victory’s holiday !
 A light o’er human life that flings,
 Illumes the helm of human things,
 Vacant that seemed to thy despair,
 And shews the righteous PILOT there.
 ’Tis come at length, the age ordain’d to see

No longer lost the patriot toil ;
 Fair act and fair event agree,
 And on one cause the Gods and Cato smile.

XV.

Nation ! for pomp renown'd ! 'tis now
 A taste correct and rais'd ye show.
 Oft, in your fanes, th' admiring eye
 Hath gaz'd your scenic piety :
 Beheld the harlot Error there,
 With painted charms and flowery vest,
 Seduce th' enamour'd mind to own her fair,
 And, with unholy love possess,
 Deluded Reason captive led,
 By Heav'n of old betroth'd with modest Truth to
 wed :
 Oft hath the stranger's fond amaze
 Fed on your court's imperial blaze ;
 Where Rank's most dazzling circle shone
 Round Europe's most refulgent throne ;
 Luxuriant show ! profusely bright !
 All gay with wantonness of light,
 In splendours rich, and luscious to the sight !

At length your land a scene supplies,
 Whose beauties charm judicious eyes:
 The Nation's self in state is shown,
 With all her blazing glories on.
 Superb in multitude she awes the eye!
 The pomp of numbers forms her majesty!
 Her sons, assembled in a swarm immense,
 Compose her plain, sublime magnificence!
 As the fam'd Roman mother, greatly good,
 Her children, as her jewels, proudly show'd,
 Gallia her sons her brightest honours deems,
 And gathers round her all her countless gems!
 Pomp, that derides the tiny royalty,
 Made up of cushion and of canopy,
 Of pall and scepter'd hand and cinctur'd brow,
 Of ore that glitters and of stones that glow,
 That e'er e'en in the gem'd and gorgeous east,
 The worship'd *one*, the puny *unit* dress'd.
 Deck him now, Art, and, in his proud array,
 Bloom all thy beauties, all thy glories play!
 Let sparkling pebbles and embroider'd dies
 Strive with th' enamel'd mead and spangled skies!
 All the mine's little stars around him meet!
 Spring all the loom's gay flowers beneath his feet!

The sweep of robe and swell of drapery,
 Attempt his pigmy form to magnify !
 The throne's small rise supply his lack of height,
 Elate the child and please the children's sight ;
 And base prostration's trick mean bondmen try,
 To make a head as low as theirs look high :
 THIS glory laughs at all the puppet-state,
 And scoffs the fairy toil to make minuteness great.

XVI.

Well to this living grandeur have ye join'd
 Stupendous rites that swell the mind !
 'Tis fit a cause supremely fair
 Beseeming circumstance adorn ;
 That beauteous Good should nobler honours wear
 Than e'er uncomely Ill hath worn :
 Now, lost no more its decent grace,
 Ornament hath found its place :
 'Tis well thus highly ye have wrought
 This day's unmatched solemnity,
 (When reason's transports, born of thought,
 With thine, enraptur'd vision, vie !)
 That ne'er before the glistening fight
 From scenery drank such vast delight :

That ne'er, since homaged crowns were worn,
Or on the day, or on its round return,
When kings first saw the light, or fill'd the throne,
Such pomp of bliss on any coast was shown,
As these proud rites of happiness display;
To grace the hour when Liberty was born,
And with high joy's exalted signs adorn
A mighty People's coronation-day.

CIVILISED WAR

A POEM

MAGNET

The Poem (formerly entitled 'The War of Wits') and the following are a direct sequel to the author's previous work.

CIVILISED WAR.

A POEM.

Lady. Out, damn'd spot, out, I say.....
..... Here's the smell
of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

DoB. What a sigh is there! the heart is sorely charged.

MACBETH.

- This Poem (formerly entitled, The Art of War) and the two following, have already appeared in separate publications.

CIVILIZATION

A FOLIO

LIFE, though ~~it is a power to~~

Life, though ~~it is a power to~~

Though ~~it is a power to~~

Most certainly ~~it is a power to~~

Better our reason's ~~it is a power to~~

Thou only ~~it is a power to~~

That earth or move or stop as those ordain'd

Whole thing is spun, and whole action, will

Warm conscious wax, on which all things things

A flow of ~~it is a power to~~

Of pleasure or of pain / unperish'd work

By which the frame slightly hand combin'd

Is known from moving system: hand'd by man

Universal work - which all the tons of skill

From every hand convey'd, could not, with all

CIVILISED WAR.

LIFE, thou strange thing ! That hast a power to
feel

Thou art, and to perceive that others are !
Most curtain'd secret ! whose thick veil of shade
Baffles our reason's vainly struggling light !
Thou busy mystery ! curious mechanism !
That canst or move or stop as choice ordains !
Whose spring is spirit, and whose action, will !
Warm conscious wax, on which all passing things,
A flow of seals, successive impress make
Of pleasure or of pain ! imperial mark,
By which the frame almighty hands combin'd,
Is known from moving systems fram'd by man !
Unrival'd work ! which all the sons of skill,
From every land conven'd, could ne'er, with all

Their hand's united cunning, emulate!

Invention all divine! In the dull worm

More brilliant workmanship, than all the domes

Full swelling, and with stateliest columns proud,

And all the labour'd engines, human Craft

Hath e'er constructed!—If I find thy throb,

Thou salient wonder! in the meanest thing,

Victim of Custom's tread,—ere I put forth

My power to stop thy beats, my soul is seiz'd

With a restrictive awe, that bids me hold—

And asks me, ere I end, what I with ease

Can end, but not with all my power renew,

If what is urg'd as reason for the act,

Will justify th' infliction of my foot.

Push'd by what demon is the hand, that dares

To quench thy flame, where the all-quick'ning

breath

Hath up to reason blown it? where thy fire

Hath power to mount to virtue's glorious blaze?

That dares arrest the rolling of that eye,

O'er all surrounding things that curious roves;

That loves the sky, uplifts its look sublime,

The stars peruses, and can clearly read,

In nature's ample volume round it spread,
In splendid letters writ, the NAME DIVINE?

When the first man found his first murder'd son,
Stretch'd, bruis'd and lifeless, on the sanguine
ground,

At whose unnatural end, to nature new,
Blood's eldest cry to heav'n, shock'd Fancy paints
Eclipse and groanings from the trembling earth,
And plaining winds, and general marks of woe
Thro' nature's works ;—stunn'd with astonish-
ment,

With horror stiff as he on whom he bent
His eye's wild gaze ; in doubt, or if he dream'd
A frightful thing, or if a waking pang
Shot thro' his soul,—I see the statue stand !
Struck by the dead with temporary death,
Each vital motion makes a fearful pause !
Each hair is up, and every pulse is still !
Image of consternation, that had mock'd
The painter's baffled art and sculptor's toil :
Inimitable marble of amaze !
There, froze with mortal terror, he had stood

For ever bound, by horror's numbing power,
 For ever held, nor more releas'd to life
 By th' unrelenting ice—had then a voice,
 Sounding from Heav'n, the palsied fire inform'd,
 That most inhuman and most monstrous deed,—
 Of stormiest passion born, with wildness done,
 And first-seen, quick-seiz'd weapon, when no eye
 Beheld its wondrous horror,—was to be
 The settled practice of his frantic race!
 By his mad children ripen'd into art!
 Styl'd Noble Science! in the number rank'd
 Of fair-reputed callings, that press round
 The door of active life, and court the choice
 Of doubtful youth! among the paths that lead
 To Fame's high fane, among the Muse's themes
 Plac'd eminent in front! no deed of night,
 That seeks disguise; ambitious of the day!
 Provok'd and spurr'd by the exciting thought,
 "All eyes shall see me!" Gracefully perform'd,
 With beauteous instruments from whose bright
 face

The beams of day rebound gay blazing back;
 With no infuriate look, no quaking nerve,

But with compos'd, unruffled feature done!
Nor stinted to one solitary act!
By multitude on multitude committed!

Like some distemper'd dream, that strangely
shows

My clasp'd ideas routed and misjoin'd,
A mob of images tumultuous mixt,
War, thy mad picture to mine eye appears!
Am I awake? or is this human scene,
I have so long substantial essence deem'd,
Unreal apparition? painted air?
Fancy's wild forgery, while troubled sleep,
Balmless and startful, binds my heated frame?
And shall ere long my undeluded mind
To comelier forms of solid being rouse,
(Soon as th' oppression from my brain hath past)
And, recollecting these fantastic shapes
That long have mock'd me, to my fellows tell,
How strange a vision discompos'd my rest?

See yon pavilion'd Council sitting round
In calm and solemn ring! emitting all
Their minds' confederated rays, that stream

In the same line, and on one object fall!
 Say wherefore form'd this intellectual league,
 With light collective luminous?—to frame
 Some fair harmonious plan of general weal
 With legislative wisdom?—or explore,
 With philosophic amity of soul,
 The secrets bounded Science thirsts to find?
 No, not for this the reasoning circle meets!
 Yon tent is the dire cabinet of Death!
 Infatiate monarch! with the scythe of Time
 Unsatisfied, that craves th' assistant sword!
 Those are his ministers! in ruin wise;
 Sages of havoc; devastation's seers;
 Professors of destruction!—Yonder, lo!
 At work mechanic Wit! by whom weak man
 His might extends, and finds in knowledge pow'r!
 The curious labour see!—Is it to aid
 Benignant manufacture? to uplift,
 Commerce, aloft in air thy ponderous wealth?
 Lend new convenience, new delight to life?
 Plane to yet smooother floor its level walks,
 And plant along them flow'rs of lovelier glow?
 Dire, dire reverse! Fall'n Ingenuity,
 Degenerate from her native, beauteous sphere,

On tragic engines her lost genius spends;
 And, cruelly acute, pursues alone
 Discoveries of death!—Distracted Art,
 Whose lovely office 'tis to emulate
 Nature in bounties and in smiles alone,
 With her severities perversely vies!
 Storms she invents! inclemencies contrives
 And teaches Weakness to be terrible.
 Tremendous mimic of the tempest, man
 Copies th' artillery of angry Jove,
 Around him artful clouds and darkness rolls,
 To thunder learns, to forge and fling his bolts,
 While thousands at a stroke his lightnings rive,
 And blasted towns before his flashes sink!
 Or, bowel'd in the earth, he latent breeds
 The crafty earthquake, subterranean rage
 Ingenious hatching! In the wily cave
 His hands have scoop'd with dark infernal fraud,
 Disposing fate,—th' artificer of ills,
 Laborious scholar of malignant things,
 Studious essays, and terribly attains,
 To shake the strong foundations of the ground,
 Strew it with wide-spread wreck, and imitate
 The final ruin!—Mark yon vehicles

Whose wondrous road is o'er the liquid plain;
That give to eager man the morning's wings;
Whose proud expedience of unfolded sheets
Employs the air to push 'em on their way,
And makes the winds their spur! Mansions im-
mense!

Whose swelling walls a throng of tenants hold,
Yet light and volant gliding, as the fowl
That sail the firmament! Of human skill
The miracle and pride! Fram'd to convey
Social mankind remote mankind to meet,
To know, to love, illumine and relieve!
To bear from shore to shore, in fair supply,
Of earth and mind the produce! fruits and truths
In blissful harmony commute, and make
The world but one! — Behold! distracting scene!
The floating houses of the sea, arrang'd
In adverse rows, advance! the moving streets
Each other meet! ah! with no social front!
Freighted with thunder, they are come to hold
Commerce of deaths! to show the astonish'd seas
Such tempest as the winds ne'er blew! to teach
The tame commotion of the elements
How ships to shatter! to out-roar, out-spit

All air-brew'd storms, and in derision mock
Their modest fury, meek, insipid scene
Of sober tumult! — See all Nature's gifts,
Lent but for good, made instruments of ill!
From the dug earth educ'd, behold that ore,
Of highest worth, in richest plenty giv'n,
His bounty such who stock'd the orb He built,
Of friendly edge susceptible, form'd to serve,
With smooth incision, useful Art's fair ends,—
See its fine point employ'd, ah! not to draw
Forth from the furrow'd earth the golden bread;
Call gladsome Ceres o'er her plains to laugh;
Or prune with œconomic stroke away
Her wasteful growth;—but, amputation foul!
Lop human life, and with an impious blade
With purple dropping, plough the flesh of man!
Behold the heav'n-born element, design'd
To aid the glow of health, supply the beams
Of absent suns with kind, domestic shine,
Or gild, with fuller blaze, the public dome,
Of harmless pleasure! — see it turn'd against
Life's holy flame! th' excited spirit see,
Collision-rous'd, springs flashing from his cell,
To dart, with nitrous rage, the leaden death,

To youth's gay heart, and stop the bounding life !
To bid the broken bone long time be rack'd
In the dread house of Pain ! with bursting rage
An heap confus'd of upblown bodies shoot,
From earth exploded to the sky ! fair piles
That slowly rose, uprear'd by patient toil,
With furious haste lay low ! or with rude heat,
Unlike his fire's, the gently piercing sun,
Scar the rich fruitage his bland smiles had nurs'd,
And his mild ardours mellow'd into food !
With harsh unfilial force (how much misus'd !
Child of life's nourisher !) his generous work
Impious undo, consume the prosp'rous year,
And juicy plenty into ashes change !

No bound th' abuse obeys !—hark ! the sweet
voice,

The voice of music floats along the air !
Music ! ætherial magic ! heavenly breath !
Thou good and pleasant amity of sounds,
In sweet association kindly met,
For gentlest ends in silver union link'd !
The blithsome dance of festive Joy to guide ;
Uplift the head dejected Languor hangs ;

Chase from the brow of Care its lowering cloud ;
Sooth the sweet woe of melancholy Love ;
Still Envy's hiss ; unknit the frown of Rage
With all-disarming softness ; gently call
The tender flood down melting Pity's cheek,
With pleasing chillness seiz'd ; or, higher rais'd,
To kindle with a concord more sublime
Virtue's strong raptures to a glow divine !
But where will profanation stay ?——E'en thee,
Celestial harmony ! their press hath seiz'd
With impious gripe ! Reluctant, struggling maid,
Sprung from the tuneful sphere ! with wild affright,
Thou find'st thee fall'n on a discordant orb.
Outrageous wrest ! perversion most perverse !
Misapplication monstrous ! Horror, say,
When bristles most thine hair ; when, craz'd with
woe,

In anguish Madness laughs, or, on his way,
And at his work accurst, when Murder sings ?
Hark ! the kind art, to sooth the savage fram'd,
On savage errand sent ! to indurate
Humanity, misled to iron scenes,
Who to unmartial softness else might melt
Tune her to flint, and lend her nerve to stab !

The glow of absent valour to supply
 With wild mechanic daring, to restore
 The pallid cheek its blood, and reconcile
 The death-devoted victim to the knife!
 Cheering ambition's sacrifice to bleed,
 Uncheerful else; with guileful notes allur'd
 Recoiling to comply!—How have they join'd
 Most heterogeneous and unmixing things!
 Forcing according sounds to blend their chime
 With Discord's wildest scene! where mad mankind,
 That in the city 'gainst each other strike
 In endless clash, with roughest tumult jar!

What mean these showy and these noisy signs
 Of public joy, my senses that salute?
 That bid my cares disperse, my brow be smooth,
 And all my soul be holiday?—What means
 The cannon's roar that tears the shatter'd sky?
 The jolly peal the merry steeples pour?
 At dead of night, along the splendid street,
 This dazzling luxury of festive light,
 From every window flung?—Wherefore thus
 laughs
 The hour of gloom?—Now that “the midnight
 bell

Doth with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Strike one,"——why walks abroad the undrowfy
world?

Night's ghosts, and goblins, greans and shadows
dire,

All shone away, that e'en unshudd'ring walks
Bold Superstition forth? why is "proud *Night*,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Thus all so wanton and so full of gawds?

What fair event, to polish'd bosoms dear,
In polish'd life inspires this blaze of joy?——
Say, hath the African his freedom found?
Spite of his shade at length confess'd a man,
Nor longer crush'd because he is not white?——

That were a jubilee for heav'n to share;
To extort the gelid hermit from his cell;
Inflame his root-fed blood, and spur his age
With bounding step to join the city rout,
With virtuous riot generously wild,
A revel all divine!——But, ah! 'tis not
For this ambitious Night affects the day.

Sing Io Pæan, Io Pæan sing!——

Thousands of pulses, high with health that leap'd,

Whose airy spring, to Time's oppression left,
 Or to Disease's weight, had haply play'd
 A length of years, by speedier fates laid still,
 Ne'er to go on again, or stir, have stopp'd.—
 On you blest fun, all as a bridegroom gay,
 Whom to behold it is a pleasant thing
 For every eye; who lays on earth and skies
 These living colours, and bids Nature's face
 This boundless smile of various Beauty wear;
 A multitude (th' ecstatic tidings tell!)
 A multitude of eyes, at which the heart
 Look'd laughing out upon the day, are clos'd.—
 On his delicious light (transporting thought!)
 They never more shall look!—Illume, illume
 The glowing street! nor let one window rob
 The general rapture of a beam it owes!
 Religion owns the joy:—of those fair works,
 Which He, whose faultless wisdom all things
 made,
 Made in his image, thousands have receiv'd
 Defacement foul (more lights, more lights emit!)
 Or abolition's blow.—This is th' event,
 The fair event to polish'd bosoms dear,
 In polish'd life that lights this blaze of joy.

For this the cannon's roaring thumps the ear;
For this their merry peal the steeples pour;
For this dun Night her raven-hue resigns,
And, with this galaxy of tapers starr'd,
Rivals the pomp of noon!—hence flows the joy
That calls the city's swarms from out their cells,
Laughs in each eye, and dances in each heart,
Prolongs their vigils, and shakes off the dews
That hovering Sleep from off her wings lets fall
On their light lids, the high excitement such!
All to the feast, the Feast of Blood! repair.
The high, the low, old men and prattling babes,
Young men and maidens, all to grace the feast,
Light-footed trip,—the feast, the Feast of Blood!

But here comes one that seems to out-rejoice
All the rejoicing tribe! wild is her look,
And frantic is her air, and fanciful
Her fable dress, and round she hurrying rolls
Her beauteous eyes upon the spangled street,
And drinks with eager gaze the sparkling scene.
And, “See!” she cries, “how they have grac'd
the hour
That gave him to his grave! hail, glorious lamps!

A grateful land, in honour of that hour,
 Hath hung aloft!—and sure he well deserves
 The tributary splendour—for he fought
 Their battles well—Oh! he was valour's self!
 Brave as a lion's was my Henry's heart!
 Fierce was the look with which he awed the foe;
 But on his Harriet when my hero bent it,
 'Twas so benign!—and beautiful he was—
 And he was young—too young in years to die—
 'Twas but a little while his wing had thrown
 Its guardian shadow o'er me—but 'tis gone—
 Fall'n is my shield—Yet see now if I weep—
 A British warrior's widow should not weep—
 Her hero sleeps in honour's fragrant bed—
 So they all tell me—and I've nobly learn'd
 Their gallant lesson—all my tears are gone—
 Bright glory's beam has dried them every drop!
 No, no, I scorn to weep—high is mine heart!
 Hot are mine eyes! there's no weak water there!
 'Tis true, I should have joy'd—what mother would
 not?
 To have shown him that sweet babe, o'er which
 he wept
 When last he kiss'd it—yes he did—he wept!

My warrior wept!—as the fond woman's tears
From off this cheek, where none I now can feel,
He kiss'd away, he wet it with his own.—
Oh! yes it would—'twould have been sweet t'
have shown him

How his dear lovely boy had grown, since he
Beheld it cradled, and t' have bid it call him
By the dear name that I had taught it utter
In softest tones, while he was thunder hearing,
And thunder hurling round him—for his hand
Would not be idle amid deeds of glory—
Yes—glory, glory, glory is the word—
See! how it glitters all along the street!"
And then she laughs and wildly leaps along
With tresses all untied.—Fair wretch! adieu!
In mercy Heav'n thy shatter'd peace repair!

Mankind, wild race! say, are your moons to
blame,

That this demoniac, worse than dog-star madness
'Mong all your nations, in each age hath foam'd?
E'en elemental strife more lasting love,
Than ye have shown, of beauteous Peace displays!
Proportion'd to the spaces of their wrath,

For more protracted intervals your seas grow
 Abstain from tempest ;—your less angry skies
 With greater length of season are serene ;
 In your wild forests the loud bestial rage
 Suspends its roaring longer ; than your arms
 Have ceas'd their odious din ! and the calm world,
 Beneath the lovely olive's placid shade,
 In sweet repose from loud alarms hath lain,
 And, lull'd in amiable quiet, known
 A term of partial innocence and gold ;
 A sickly gleam of languid amity,
 Whose wat'ry shine foretels returning clouds.
 Who that stands still, and bends upon the fact
 His thoughtful eye, and doth not feel his sense
 Swim round with wonder, and his soul lie hush'd
 In the dead stillness of astonishment ?
 That this amazing, maniac rage hath been,
 Not of some single race th' eccentric crime,
 For following ones to rise and wonder at,
 By some peculiar and uncommon cause
 To this wild shoot from Nature's orbit flung,
 Struck by some foreign star's erratic rage
 With strange distraction ;—no brief flighty fit ;—
 From men's accusom'd line a single start ;

By strong distemper's paroxysm inspir'd,
 Some all-infecting fever's hot excess,
 When at its fiercest and delirious height;
 But a fix'd phrenzy;—of their dreadful way
 The steady tenour; causing the red shame
 On Reason's cheek that flushes, to burn on
 Thro' rolling ages, an establish'd blush!
 Protracted tragedy! as long as deep!
 Whose unspent horror thro' all time hath spun
 The harrowing tale! O'er history's lengthening
 course

The vein of persevering fury runs;
 And he that reads its pages, justly calls them
 Records of Slaughter, Chronicles of Blood!

Had this inhuman usage been inclosed
 Within the limits of uncultur'd life,
 Reason the barbarous custom had survey'd
 With less amazement.—The rude Indian's war
 But little wonder raises! He in man
 Sees not what man contains, his magazine
 Of latent mind, the vast expanse of power
 Whose folded leaves the wondrous gem inwraps!
 In man no more than sinew he discerns

Unpiercing to the chambers of his breast,
 He o'er his nervous surface rolls his eye,
 And, deeming all his strength in bulk and bone,
 In brutal force concludes his glory lies.
 Pent in the little circle of his tribe,
 With fierce, intemperate rage his friendship burns
 Beyond that narrow prison of his love,
 That bounded flames intense, with equal heat
 His hatred flames! Tempestuous passion bears
 His footsteps to the fight; his going forth
 To scenes of blood is the wild gush of rage!
 Himself a dart, with inward fury wing'd,
 He shoots to battle, bolts into the field,
 And whom his arm destroys, his soul abhors!
 Mild Reason groans to view their wild-fought field,
 Their boundless, frantic revelry in death,
 Their blood-stain'd teeth and trample on the slain,
 In ecstasy of rage their roll in blood,
 And all the lawless madness of their fight:
 Afflicted Wisdom weeps that forms erect,
 Which might be men, should be no more than
 brutes;
 But, being what they are, she marvels not
 That furious thus each other they devour.

The scene she gazes with a wild amaze,
O'er which she shivers agued and aghast,
Doubting her sense ! incredulous she lives !
Is the cool battle of the polish'd world !
In the still cabinet serenely plann'd !
And with calm skill, and blood that boils not,
fought !

War's rul'd, methodic, mathematic fields,
Where fate in geometric figures lowers,
Curiously stern ! a diagram of frowns !
Where sober warriors, in square array,
With science kill, with ceremony slay,
Thunder with apathy, and thin mankind
With looks sedate, in rows compact arrang'd !
A tranquil massacre ! where battle deck'd,
Adorns destruction, and makes ruin gay !
In spruce parterre where tulip terrors stand,
A scene of gaudy horror ! while o'er all
The field's dire slaughter " peaceful thought "
presides !

Wit, radiant spirit ! guides the cunning war,
Instructs horrific Mars which way to rush,
And shows the dev'lish engines where to belch,
Their fiery bolts !—THIS is the dreadful scene,

Acted on sapient Europe's lucid stage;
 Where man is known for what he is, for more
 Than meets the eye, a mine of inward wealth,
 That asks but to be dug and into light
 Drawn out, a splendid treasure to display
 Of golden joys, and sterling happiness!
 Where moral glories strike Conception's eye;
 Where peaceful laurels court Ambition's hand;
 Where Reason's, Virtue's triumphs, loud invite
 Th' aspiring breast; and thousand varied joys
 Make life delightful and its calms endear!
 This is the scene, whose chilling horror stops
 The gallop of the blood, and bids it creep!
 This PLACID sweep of human life away,
 In human life where so much worth is seen!
 These chess-board battles, where unpassion'd men,
 Like things of wood, by them that thoughtful
 play,
 Are mov'd about, the puppets of the game!
 These SOBER whirlwinds of the cultur'd world,
 That not from fierce emotion take their rage,
 Blown by cold Interest; by calm Art bestrid,
 On whose broad wings, director of their rage,
 Afflicting image! form'd in other scenes,

And fairer far, to soar, ah, much mis-spher'd!
Bright GENIUS rides the Angel of the Storm.

Civilis'd war!—How strangely pair'd these terms
Must strike on pensive Ruminat'ion's ear!
Civilis'd war!—Say, did the mouth of man,
Fantastic marrier of unsuited words,
Two so unmatch'd, so much each other's hate,
With force tyrannic, ere together yoke?
Civilis'd war!—THANKS, gentle Europe! thanks,
For having dress'd the monster's hideous form,
And veil'd his roughness in so soft a name,
That tender souls of weak, hysteric frame,
Might hear with less of tremor, he is loose.
Hail monster clipt! shorn of his shaggy mane,
His horrid front with flow'rs and ribbands prank'd,
Smooth, playful monster! Blending with the roar
Of forest-rage the city's polish'd smile!
That with a mild and christian calmness slays,
That with more method tears his bleeding prey,
And, as the copious draught of blood he swills,
Disclaims the thirst the while! Thanks, thou
land-fold,
Ye gay adorners of the tragic scene!

Thanks, in the name of all the friends of man,
That ye have thus their shuddering appeas'd ;
And, piteous of their feeling texture, giv'n
Their spirits, apt to startle, calm to flow,
Oft as your wisdom bids the idle sword
Leap from its case, and sheath its blade in man !

Thanks, in the name of all the tremulous class,
Too sensitive, the grateful Muse accords you ;
That ye have beautified the frowns of war
And lent his terrors graces, have found out
Politer slaughter, and genteely learn'd
To lay more elegantly waste the world,
That ye have murder humaniz'd, discover'd
Ruin's most handsome modes, and taught man
kind

With form and comeliest order to destroy !
Of all, whose hearts your contests have bereav'd,
The blessing comes upon you ! Robb'd by wars
So gently wag'd, of them beneath whose shade
Of guardian power their shielded weakness sat,
Ceasing their groans, pale widows sing your
praise,

With grateful notes, the tender spoilers sing !
The orphan tribes their filial sorrows wipe,

Forget their woes and swell the just acclaim
 E'en the lorn virgin, to whose blasted sight
 The slain's long list display'd her lover's name,
 O'er whose wan cheek, where beauty's roses grew,
 Fast spreads the green complexion of despair,
 Some sickly smiles of gratitude shall wear,
 And hush some sighs, to join the thankful song!
 All, all the mourners that ye make shall bless
 Your mildly, amiably slaughterous deeds!
 For much it balms the anguish of their soul,
 That they, in whom the battle's fury reach'd
 Their rent affections, fell in polish'd fields;
 By softer hands, than whom the hatchet chops
 In savage battle; that a smooother death
 From finer points and glossier arms they took;
 And if they perish'd, perish'd by the sword,
 Heart-healing thought! of fair Civility!

Opprest with indignation, be the Muse
 Forgiv'n, if she forget the rev'rence due
 To sacred grief, and to her weighty theme;
 Seeking a little interval of ease,
 In gay derision, from her serious pain;
 For she hath long impatient heaving lain

Beneath the suffocating load, as thus
 The civil actor in this savage scene,
 Europe's refin'd barbarian hath declaim'd,
 "How horrible the unrelenting rage
 And the coarse rudeness of unmanner'd Mars!
 How mild a front our comelier battle wears!
 Lo! in our gentler field the lovely form
 Of Mercy sits by Valour's side, and oft
 Hangs on his arm and holds its fury down."
 It is this mildness, to the moral eye
 So far from soft'ning the hard crime of war,
 That proves the sanguinary custom guilt,
 And stamps the carnage murder.—Say, what priest,
 Sent to prepare a dungeon'd wretch to die
 For having stain'd his hand with brother's blood,
 Would not infer, remorse had made him mad,
 To hear the ruffian seek his vice to wash
 With words like these?—"Far fouler criminals
 Than me the woods contain. The wolf is worse;
 How furiously he lacerates the flock!
 With what a rage the panther tears his prey!
 Mark the fierce leopard rend his tortur'd meal!
 I gave the life I clos'd an easier end!
 With only one, one kindly skilful blow,

I had it cease ; or with a drug conceal'd
 That woo'd to drowsy fate the soul away,
 I lull'd, without or pain or fear, the sense
 In bland oblivion."——No ; ye shall not thus,
 Sons of Civility ! ye shall not thus
 Your darkness cloak ! This varnish of your guilt
 Is evidence against you : all the gloss,
 With which ye seek to overlay its hue,
 Flings on its colour an exposing light,
 Elucidating all ye aim to veil.
 That after blood ye feel no savage thirst,
 Proves your offence, in shedding it, is rank.
 The tiger's mouth contracts no moral stain
 Though it be red with homicide.—By man
 The maniac's blood is spar'd, whose rage hath spilt
 The blood of man. And the wild man of war,
 Whose darkling mind, by knowledge unillum'd,
 In human nature only sees an arm,
 Who moved alone by brute-ambition's spur,
 Employs his witless brawn in cleaving skulls
 Vacant of mind as is his own, whose heart
 Hydropic pants for blood, and lion-like
 Who hungers for his foe, although his deeds
 Are dire, no moral indignation lights

In gentle Wisdom's breast. The very rage
And hard, unmelting rigour of his field,
His grappling battle, eagerness to kill,
His fiend-like yell, his hatchet and his club,
His scalping wrath, carnivorous victory,
That eats in ecstasy the hostile flesh,
That drinks hot blood, with boundless vengeance
drunk,
And all th' excesses of his frantic war,
While horror they inspire, extinguish blame:
The more we shudder, we the more forgive.
The frightful butchery of his combat tells,
However dreadful, it is honest fury;
That, thus to act, he thinks, is to be man.
His barb'rous ethics know no moral worth
Save military power. To his rude view
Conquest is virtue. Piously he tells
His victories as his titles to the sky.
His talents are his arrows and his axe,
Sole means of earning heav'n. In hacking down
Another foe, he deems, his arm hath won
A fresh accession to his final joys.
He heaps the slain, that, in the blissful land
Of favour'd souls, his sensual ghost may join

The heavenly chase; or search, for scaly game,
Celestial waters with divine success,
In slaughter placing thus his excellence,
With wild, unsated rage he slays.—But, where
Fair Mercy mixes in the fight, 'tis proof
Reason is in the field; Reason, that notes
The error of the scene, and just to judge
Its impious acts, rebukes the busy sword.
Though there her voice the roar of battle drowns,
And though the spells of Prejudice prevail
Her lips to muffle, when the cannon's throat
Its thunder ceases; yet her smother'd speech,
Although with deaden'd sound, is heard by him
Who bids the sword, by brave defence uncall'd,
Forake its rest. Oft, at the dead of night,
When flatt'rer's lips are clos'd, but not the eyes
Of him they call a god, she tells him, Man
Was made to cherish, not to butcher man.
The faithless senator, who sells his breath
To wake the coals of war, she doth proclaim,
Nor can his ear th' accus'd patrician seal,
Accomplice in the murder of mankind.
When in the peaceful camp, while slaughter rests,
Their shouting the recumbent captains cease,

Oft to the *letter'd* leader of his band,
As, ruminating, silent he reclines,
She whispers audible—"What dost thou here?
Is this a fair and honest scene around thee,
That shrinks not from the beam of piercing Truth?
Is this thy post of duty? Wert thou made
To be the saviour or the foe of life?"
Like tented Richard's, troubled is his thought;
He starts—The ghost "sits heavy on his soul"
Of stabb'd mankind—But he is in, and on,
He says, he must—but says it with a sigh—
Then with a bustling motion shakes off thought,
Return'd, at rest beneath the olive shade,
Where Pleasure's roses form his flow'ry couch,
And the soft pipes of Peace their warblings pour,
In pensive moments when the tabors pause,
She re-appears, injurious to his rest,
And shows his occupation as it is.
But it is plum'd, and sparkles in his eye;
The charm of rule attends it, and the lap
Of careless, silken ease. Nor yet by all
E'en of the common tribe, seduc'd to drive
The fatal trade, is her mild voice unheard,
In these late times and luminous.—And hence

Some check the sanguinary strife receives ;
From her Temptation masters, but not kills.

But doth not, say, the sense, which thus abates
Of the dread scene the military rage,
The moral horror raise ?—Yes, it is you,
Sons of Refinement, sons of Science, you !
Not furious spurr'd by unenlighten'd love
Of battle's false renown, that goads along
Th' enthusiast in arms to scenes of blood,
With rude career which feels no moral checks ;
But, urg'd by sordid aims, who calm agree
That blood to shed, which in your secret eye
Is sacred ; to pollute your tempted hand
With what ye know is taint ; to do that deed,
Whose Ethiopian shade the gause disguise,
Truth-covering Sophistry's white, flimsy web,
That o'er it falls to make it pass for fair,
With its thin threads, a scanty veil, but ill
From your keen sight conceals ;—'tis you alone,
Sons of Refinement, sons of Science, you !
Convicted stand of murder's impious crime.
And all the mild humanities ye blend
With the rough horror of the deathful scene ;

During each pause of intermittent Mars,
 The courteous intercourse betwixt you chiefs,
 Fair, interlusive civilities,
 That deck and soften war's stern, rigid state;
 But serve its iron ugliness to point,
 Each streak of beauteous white that breaks its dark,
 Shows but in blacker night its ebon shade.

Oh! I could speculate, with calmer eye,
 A monstrous cloud of fierce, conflicting fiends,
 Met in mid air, with malice hot from hell,
 Keen pains propense and mighty to inflict,
 All over arm'd with cruel faculties,
 And throbbing thro' each vein with quenchless
 hate,
 Infernal fray! where all were uproar wild,
 All unrelenting spite and writhing wounds;
 A madd'ning war of venom, stings and teeth;
 Into whose dragon broil, and high-wrought rage,
 (Prodigious discord!) all her out-sent soul
 Alec to breath'd! oh, better far my sight
 Could such unmixt, consistent scene endure
 Than this strange checquer of our motley strife,
 Urbanity, and battle! manners smooth,

And ruffian actions! thorns that deeply pierce,
 And beautifully flower! soft, courtly camps,
 That kill, and smile, and smile, and kill again!

Can it (soul-freezing spectacle!) be he,
 Who as a friendly neighbour sent but now
 To their defender's board a courteous gift,
 Who flings red bolts at yon high-seated walls;
 And, like a black enchanter, all malign,
 In mischief potent, with loud-bellowing rage
 Spouting his fiery arches in the air,
 Effays to pierce and batter into dust
 The massive bulwarks?—Are they shadows, say,
 Or what they seem, that fit consorting there?
 Unnatural fellowship! While Havoc stays
 Her weary arm, and the tir'd furies breathe,
 Lo! adverse chiefs, that with a hostile front
 Meet in the battle, at the banquet met
 With social eyes! the sparkling draught goes round,
 Like friends, long parted, that again embrace,
 And shed the purple spirit in their cup,
 To crown reunion's animated hour!
 See a smooth captain, with soft, civil smile,
 Some dainty of the table tenders him,

At whom to-morrow he must thunder hurl!
 And spurs that blood in gladder tides to flow,
 With lively juices cheer'd, which 'tis his task
 Ere long to aim to shed! like a foul host,
 That hospitably entertains the guest
 He dooms to midnight death. While as they rest,
 With their gay leaders, from their bloody toils,
 Camp'd in each others view, the hostile bands
 Gayly salute whom they are come to slay;
 Make merry interchange of sportive becks,
 And wanton nods, and smiles, and frolic song,
 And frisky dance; like harmless villagers
 In innocent assembly on the green,
 All gamefome on a rustic holiday.

Civilis'd war! in every shifting view,
 Ill suits thee, fiend accurs'd! so fair a name.
 Though in the field a smoother form thou wear
 Than thy wild sister hag of craggier shape,
 A feller fury thou! for on thee wait
 Infernal sufferings; and a wider scene
 With varied woes thine ampler mischief fills.
 Ah, 'tis in cultur'd life, and chiefly there,
 War is the scourge we call it; there alone

In thickest show'r of heaviest lashes felt,
 It deeply lacerates and long furrows makes
 On, bleeding Happiness! thy mangled frame,
 What if the field of savage contest show
 With blood a more obliterated green,
 A redder plain and dire forms of death?
 The savage warrior feels, nor fears its rage:
 Nurs'd in no silken lap, his lion-nerves,
 Strings made of steel, firm and untrembling, know
 To laugh at torment and to sing in death.
 War is his sport; in ecstasy of soul
 He whoops and hails the hour that bids him face
 Its threat'ning front, its horrid frowns defy,
 And hew in pieces whom he's train'd to hate.
 Not with this prompt, exulting leap to arms
 Europe's cold hireling with her trump complices:
 Forth to the field, unused to suffer pain,
 And long time lapp'd in soft and drowsy ease,
 Fearful and loth he moves: the arms of Peace
 He leaves reluctant, and reluctant lifts
 The hostile spear: nor by hot malice spurr'd
 'Gainst whom he's sent to slay, nor flaming love
 Of whom he goes to serve, with heartless Rep,
 Sluggish and home-inclining, he obeys

His crested master's bidding to depart,
 The field he enters chill; again obeys
 His crested master's bidding to destroy
 The coward kills, himself with terror dead;
 A trembling hero; made by fear to dare.
 Afraid to fight, yet more afraid to fly,
 The prisoner of his post compell'd he stands;
 Now still, save in his trembling joints; now moves,
 A meek machine obedient to command;
 Until at length mechanic confidence
 From frequent misses of the levell'd death
 Gradual he draws; and from the tumult round him
 Catches a wildness, that all thought at once
 And terror swallows in its giddy whirl;
 Confusion ends his fear; he valiant grows
 When noise hath made him mad; and laurels then,
 But not before, Disorder's hero reaps.
 Till then (whate'er the gay-deck'd coward prate,
 Whose crest tremendous scares the sons of Peace)
 In him who fights for pay, not love of fight,
 Nor of the cause which his bought arm sustains,
 Pensive Compassion but discerns a wretch,
 When first he enters the dread, fateful field,
 A cold, recoiling wretch, that, pale, regrets

He e'er forsook the safe domestic scene.
 In fancy slain by every mortal sound,
 Lifeless he hears the loud exploded deaths,
 And, ere he bleeds, a thousand wounds endures,

Ah cruel lusts! wherever ye have lain,
 Lodg'd in whatever bosoms, founts of wars,
 That myriads thus have unrelenting sent
 From the smooth walks and gentler scenes of life
 To freeze with horror amid forms they loathe;
 While warm with health, to face the lance of
 death,
 Without a cause to kindle scorn of life;
 Dire ills to work, where ill to none they wish;
 Harm whom they hate not, whom they know not
 crush,
 And act the fiend by fury uninspir'd!
 And, as nor pain nor terror in his field
 The barbarous warrior knows, but death's dread
 stroke
 Unshrinking dares, as merciless he deals,
 So nor from Nature's frowns, wherever strays
 His rambling war, by hardening Nature bred,

His horny frame unstringing sickness dreads,
 Far other fates th' unprosperous steps pursue
 Of art-fenc'd Health, when far from genial walls
 And generous food, the tender wanderer strays.
 Sickness, slow, silent enemy, assails
 Her pining victim; cheerlessly consum'd;
 And envying whom the sword's keen edge destroys,
 That glowing die 'mid action's madd'ning heat,
 That sudden drop and bid their pains adieu!
 A mournful, soul-depressing close is theirs;
 Nor animating tumult round them roars,
 Nor reputation's bubble floats before
 Their cheated eyes, nor fond domestic hands
 Dispose their pillow, and sustain their head.
 From comfort quite cut off, outcast they lie
 From civil life's accommodated couch,
 From military glory's fancied bed,
 And left to quit the light at once without
 A soldier's solace, and a man's support.

Nor to the field is the dire rage confin'd
 Of our soft-nam'd contentions, where alone
 The wars that issue from the woods are felt.
 Those whom these leave behind at home, they leave

In undiminish'd plenty there to dwell.
 The sons of Nature Nature still supplies:
 The war nor drains their waters nor their woods,
 Thins nor their hunted meal nor finny prey.
 But Traffic's sensitive and complex web
 Shakes, at the trumpet's call, through all its lines:
 Nor the domestic scene, where trade prevails,
 Escapes concussion 'mid the war-shook world.
 'Tis agitation all! the quaking spreads
 O'er every part! nor finds affrighted Peace
 One firm, unrocking spot on which to rest,
 Amid the tremor of the shiv'ring scene.
 The city feels the rage that stains the field.
 To the connected, sympathising sphere
 The battle's strokes their dire vibrations send.
 There frowns the war in other shapes of ill;
 There Famine, hailing the neglected loom
 And poor man's mournful leisure, while the sword
 Quick mows its victims, slowly gnaws her prey.
 To match the ruin of the crimson'd plain,
 There prosperous fortunes fall, and houses sink,
 And broken spirits bleed, and hopes are crash'd:
 Shock follows shock; crash after crash resounds;
 And groan succeeds to groan; the wild despair!

Of them that walk'd in life's most flowery ways,
 From their fair Eden in a moment sent
 To wander Poverty's drear, thorny wild,
 Cause endless streams of generous woe to run
 From gentle Pity's eyes, that scarcely wip'd,
 Gush out again, and yet again are fill'd,
 Replenish'd by the troubles as they rise
 In long succession to her aching sight:
 While, frequent, bursts upon the startled ear
 The loud explosion from the tube of death,
 'Mid the domestic stillness thunder strange
 Heart-quailing noise! raising presages dire
 In each misgiving hearer! follow'd swift
 By boding Friendship's dart into the room,
 Pale Horror's piercing scream, or speechless trance!
 Nor less superior agonies attend
 The social feelings, where they finer throb
 In cultur'd bosoms, when the severing sword
 Cuts from their twine the life to which they cling.
 Full soon the wounds of coarser spirits close:
 One doleful howl the savage mourner sends
 For his slain friends; one loud and piercing shriek
 From female woe, contents the tenderness
 Of woman's fonder love: then Grief farewell!

Then all is joy, for victory is theirs;
 Hush'd is each groan; and every tear is dried;
 And frantic shout and revelry succeed.
 Ah! not so soon the eyes, which battle dims,
 On other shores, the tender dew dismiss.
 There tremble long the unexhausted drops:
 The stabb'd Affections there bleed copious on
 In countless breasts (war's widest, deepest wounds!)
 When the stain'd sword, that drank the precious
 blood,
 That from their own, or the same fountain flow'd,
 Or as their own was dear, hath long been wip'd
 And to its sheath return'd—there, memory-bound,
 Sits mute Affliction in full many a heart,
 Month after month and year succeeding year;
 And when her garb of woe is worn no more,
 Still mourns within, with grief that “passes show!”
 Since such the foul offence, th' enormous crime,
 Gigantic guilt of war, exhausting all
 Man's powers of ill, that leaves him nothing more
 Of monstrous to be done,—whence is it, say,
 Whence is it, when the martial bands go forth
 Not to beat back, with righteous valour new'd

The lawless breaker into peaceful lands,
 But distant men with adverse eyes to meet,
 And blood that flows in veins remote to spill,
 Whence is it, as they pass, the general eye
 Complacent on the long procession looks?
 Where is the horror of the gazing throng,
 That choke the street, or, to the windows drumm'd,
 Thick cluster there, whose theatre of looks
 With placid smile the spectacle approve?
 Why is it, that on all the faces round
 No frowns are seen? no pale abhorrence spreads?
 No discomposure stirs? Whence comes the peace
 On each fix'd countenance so sound that sleeps?
 Lo! not a brow is knit! nor quits its rest
 One quiet feature! nor one single eye
 Darts angry light, or wounded shrinks away,
 At such a monstrous scene! a concourse vast
 Of homicides, thick pressing on the sight!
 Whose train protracted latiates, as they pass,
 E'en eyes, that gaze on shows with long delight;
 Each going forth to do that deed accurs'd,
 Whose solitary act, in Fancy's ear,
 Excites the raven's scream; while the dread spot,
 Where violated life's hoarse groans arose,

Shows frightful shapes to Superstition's eye,
 And the dire tale, on winter's witching eve,
 In narrower ring the shivering circle knits
 Close creeping to the warm, protecting hearth.

Where is that thing, whose foul deformity

Dress cannot cover from untutor'd man?

Careless he looks on all surrounding things,

The knowledge of their surface all his lore.

Doth Error meet him cloth'd in eloquence?

He clasps the painted hag, and, charm'd believes,

'Tis beauteous Truth that fills his close embrace.

In the gay purple, which the prosp'rous wear,

Is Misery enrob'd? He knows her not,

With envious eye surveys, and deems there stands

Felicity before him. Laughs aloud

Light, vacant Joy? He dreams, Content is there.

On higher station stands a human form?

His credulous eyes a higher stature own.

Or doth foul Guilt in fair array appear,

Grac'd with the splendour or of wit or rank?

He looks and loves and calls her Innocence;

Even virtue calls her. But 'tis here, 'tis here,

All potent dross! in all its magic pow'r,

Thy witch'ry on his cheated eye is shown,
 Lo! what an ample width of interval,
 In estimation's scale, he thoughtless makes
 Between the self-same deed, when unadorn'd,
 Undrest it stands, and shows its naked shape,
 And when thy drap'ry, Decoration! flings
 Its graceful folds and splendid colours o'er it!

Stript of its trappings, 'tis an act so dire,
 He, whom allurements strong incline that way,
 When his first tendency stirs faint within,
 Shrinks from his thought; thrives from himself
 to flee;
 And is afraid to trust him with himself.
 With violent force he calls his thoughts from off
 So foul a thing, and tries to chain 'em down.
 Again and yet again the magnet prize,
 Whose strong attraction draws against the terms
 As strongly that repel him, spite of all
 His eager struggles from it, to his mind
 Recurs; renews its hold; repeats its pulls:
 Again and yet again his look returns
 To the dread work by which it must be won,
 Ere his recoiling Reason, less and less

That backward starts, as oftener up it goes
And eyes its fear, with slow assent complies.
A deed so black, that he who has a heart
To wish it done, and gold a hand to buy,
Culls from the throng, with penetrating choice,
A face of stone; whose muscles ne'er relax
Into a smile; whose dark, o'erhanging brow,
Encaves his eyes, that, from their deep recess,
Glare like the furlly lion's in his den.
A deed, which he who to another moves,
Knows not to name; * he has a thing to say,
Which, while he can be seen, he cannot say,
Full in his face while looks the staring sun;
Which he must say surrounded by the night;
Which he would say without the use of sound,
Silent infuse into his fellow's breast
By inspiration's immaterial tongue;
Which, with half utterance, he hesitates,
With an unfinish'd voice, unswell'd with breath,
Faint, coward tones that fear to pass the lip,
Sounds so like silence, that the hearer doubts
If heard or not; with sentences, concise,
Close clipt and spare, a frugal, niggard speech;

• Shakespear: King John.

All prating superfluities left out,
 And issued none but necessary sounds;
 Speech bare of words, all hint and skeleton,
 In expletives, that plump sleek language out
 Meet for the lips of Pleasure, all uncloath'd,
 Suited cadav'rous to the ghastly theme!

A deed, in which the hardier villain's mouth,
 That would th' accomplice hold his words have
 caught,

In his oft back-retreating heart must oft
 His rallying spirit pour. It is a deed,
 Which when determin'd by a tempted wretch,
 All his dire fund of fortitude in ill
 He must call forth to do, and wind his heart
 As high as it will stretch. His choice of time
 He fixes on the hour when all the world
 Is dead; when with the colour of his act
 Darkness accords; and every eye is clos'd.

* Between his purpose and his dreadful stroke
 Wild is the space within him: † to the scene
 Of his foul action, with light-falling feet,
 Ghost-like he glides; and fancifully dreads
 Lest strange and mystic voices rouse the world,
 And blab the ripening horror. When the blow

* Julius Cæsar.

† Macbeth.

His heav'n-abandon'd, hell-urg'd arm hath struck,
He is "afraid to think on what he has done ;"
That 'twere undone, is his devoutest wish.
Of heaven and earth he feels himself accurst.
With wildest superstition seiz'd, he dreads
That supernat'ral indexes will point
Their finger to his guilt. Whate'er his gain,
He finds that Peace and he have parted, ne'er
To meet again. 'Tis ill for ever with him.
An horrid spectre is before his eyes.
The grave sends back again its ghastly prey ;
The shadowy resurrection's grim reproach
Shakes all the trembling pillars of his soul.
He starts, when nothing stirr'd ;—"Who speaks?"

—he asks,

When no one spoke ; and mutters things unheard
With nimble-moving lips that send no voice.
Disturb'd e'en in the stillest room he lies ;
Kept by no noise awake, no sleep he finds,
Or no oblivion finds it. Glad t' escape
From scaring visions, soon in sweats he wakes.
To cheer his midnight hour he must have light
Perpetual at his couch ; the live-long day,
As clings a drowning wretch to him he holds,

(Dreading, as doth that drowning wretch the
wave,
Heart-whelming solitude) he close adheres
To some companion's side ; his hunted soul,
From the keen terrors that pursue it, seeks
Protection in his presence ; when there's near
Nought hostile to him save himself, he fears ;
Flees unpursued ; and unsuspected, reads
In every eye discernment of his crime.
His life an heavy weight upon him lies
He can no longer bear ; with wither'd look,
Parch'd by the fever of remorse, he comes
A witness 'gainst himself ; and refuge seeks,
In the dire executioner, from one
More dire within ; before his country's bar
When pale he stands, a curious multitude
The hall of justice stuff, with hungry eyes
And gloomy eagerness to mark the sheath
Of such a monstrous mind ! each line to trace,
Where Penetration seeks to track the path
Of aspect-printing soul ; and every look
And motion, with unwearied watchfulness,
Of the prodigious culprit to devour !

Yet this same act, which e'en though singly done,
If naked seen, such shuddering horror moves,
When e'en on gasping myriads at a time
It is committed, yet when it is done
With all its tinsel on it, with its pomp
And robe about it, by a numerous troop
Whom ermin'd Mightiness commands and keeps;
Whose corporal forms the critic eye approves,
Select in stature, of proportions fair;
Whose trim attire, with nice adjustment neat,
Is pure from soil, and bright with showy dyes;
Who to black scenes of lurid horror go,
In holiday and laughing colours deck'd,
Gay, rainbow butchers; who nor hang their head,
Nor drop their eye abash'd, as on they move,
But, with a swelling chest and stately port,
That strut to blood; amid the gaping throng,
With plummy summits towering eminent,
Tall above men; whose weapons luminous
Hold mirrors to the sun, return his beams,
And give the light their splendid face receives,
Doubling the day; all regularly plac'd
In system fair and symmetry of posts,
Amusive to the eye; with measur'd pace

Harmonious moving, timing every step
In symphony of feet ; or sitting proud,
Mounted on disciplin'd and fiery steeds,
Whose haughty arch of neck bears high their heads,
And red, dilated nostrils shoot out smoke,
Panting with gen'rous heats, that snort and neigh,
And restless paw and champ the foamy bit,
And high curvet, impatient of the steps
Of grave procession's solemn pace of state ;
While beauteous banners o'er the moving pomp
Unrol their silken sheets, that in rich streaks
Vie with the morning, and, in easy stream
And playful freedom, flutt'ring loose in air,
Flirt with the wanton gale ; and sprightly sounds
Of rousing music join the gorgeous show,
The thundering tone of drums, and the keen notes
Of the sharp fife, and high inciting sounds
Of trumpets that persuade the thrilling ear,
“ 'Tis honour calls to arms, and the big call
'Tis heroes that obey : ”—thus proudly cloath'd
In luxury of dress, with such a sweep
And swell of regal gown, all over cloak'd
In every part with amplitude of pail,
Voluminous disguise ! this ugly act,

Foul hag of night, mishapen, monstrous thing,
Abhorr'd and loathsome to the sense of sight,
As to the sight the ribs of bony Death,
Or hideous Scylla's womb of barking hounds,
Fails to disgust; the amiable vice,
Hid in magnificence and drown'd in state,
Loses the fiend; receives the sounding name
Of Glorious War; and thro' th' admiring throng
Uncurs'd the ornamented murderers move.

Law! feeble regent in young Reason's place,
Too young as yet to reign, how short a wing
O'er human weal doth thy protection spread!
From rapine and from wrong contracted screen!
A speck of shield, o'er the vast social frame
That throws a spot of shade, and leaves the bulk
Uncover'd to the battle! puny arm!
Whose fairy rod, for tiny Mischief made,
E'en him deters not, in his petty sphere,
With stealing foot to move; while with loud strides
Giant Injustice walks uncheck'd abroad,
And braves both earth and skies, and strikes such
blows,
With his unwieldy, pond'rous, pounding mace,

As to the centre shake the trembling orb !
Whose limbs enormous no huge magistrate
With mighty grasp arrests, with massy chain,
Of link prodigious, manacle immense,
Hath pow'r to bind.——If but some few life-drops
Blush on the ground, for him, whose impious
hand

The scanty purple sprinkled, a keen search
Commences straight ; but, if a sea be spilt,
But if a deluge spread its boundless stain,
And fields be flooded from the veins of man,
O'er the red plain no solemn coroner
His inquisition holds.——If but one corse,
With murder's sign upon it, meet the eye
Of pale Discovery in the lone recess,
Justice begins the chase ; when high are piled
Mountains of slain, the large, enormous guilt,
Safe in its size, too vast for laws to whip,
Trembles before no bar.—Thus close her sphere,
How poor the boast of Law ! She wants an eye
More keen, to find whom, caught, her arm can
scourge ;

And in her hand there needs a Michael-sword
Of ampler blade her bulkier foes to smite,

Fell Mountain-Evil, huge, colossal fiend,
Satanic in his stature and his might.

From lawless force, look round the world and see,
Defence how feeble legal force affords!

Affault and self-reliance for relief

Compose the scene of man. 'Tis warfare all!

Still reign the woods, and still mankind is wild!

Each hour of life, or wrongs arriv'd require

Repulsion bold, or wrongs expected call

For ceaseless caution. Fear her forts erects

O'er all the public, all the private, world.

Which way we look, fortifications talk

Of man in danger from his fellow-man;

Of man 'gainst man for ever on his guard.

Lo! o'er each door, each window, of each house

The traverse bar! Lo! every cautious land,

By ocean unencircled, cinctur'd stands

With art's munition! each suspicious night,

Remark its bolted towns! their gate's thick guard!

The stony mound that folds them in survey!

The mural girdle's iterated round!

Wall within wall; protection intricate!

While water adds its flowing guard, t' afford

Fulness of safety, and shut out the foe;
 The wildest, fellest enemy of man!
 The lion eminent! the wolf supreme!
 Whose mighty prowl around the human folds
 Requires an iron pen, a massy coop
 To keep him out; and whose incurfive craft
 A labour'd, complicate exclusion asks.

And is this civil life, where civil lands
 So scant a sum of savage violence
 Can lash within them, while, without them, all
 Against each other the barbarian play?
 Where Fraud her contests adds to those of Force,
 And wars the city and the field infest?
 Oh! when that voice, which dead confusion heard,
 Shall human chaos hear? Oh! when shall cease,
 Obedient to its call, this noise confus'd
 Of various battle? this continuous din,
 In war, of clashing steel; in peace (miscall'd,
 Than a sweet name no more), of clashing aims?
 Of selfish interests in eternal tilt
 Contending? this extended tournament,
 (Making all human life its boundless list,
 And through all time prolong'd) of private views

To private views oppos'd ; irregular
Against each other rushing ; keeping up,
From age to age, one everlasting cloud
And clatter of encounter ; to the friend
Of human kind presenting, as he sits
From the hot combat pensively apart,
A picture all confus'd of counter paths,
Each other thwarting with collision loud !
A wildly shifting, ever-floating scene !
A sea of sinking and ascending heads,
Where all is undulation, rise and fall !
This, mounted high with plume and spear, that
down,
Unhors'd amid the trampling, writh'd with pain,
Biting with bankrupt-agony the ground ;
While shouts and groans, in air tumultuous mix'd,
With harsh discordant noise afflict the ear.

How long shall it be thus ?—Say, Reason, say,
When shall thy long minority expire ?
When shall thy dilatory kingdom come ?
Haste, royal infant, to thy manhood spring !
Almighty, when mature, to rule mankind.
Weak are the outward checks, that would supply

Thy bridle's place within the secret heart.
Thine is the majesty ; the victory thine,
For thee reserv'd, o'er all the wrongs of life.
The pigmy Rapine, whose invasions vex
The private scene, that hides his head minute
From human justice, it is thine to end ;
And thine, the Titan-crimes that lift to heaven
Their blushless fronts and laugh at laws : to thee
All might belongs : leap to thy ripen'd years !
Mount thine immortal throne, and sway the world !

Thy bride's place within the secret heart.

Thine is the majesty, the victory thine,

For thee reserved, o'er all the wrongs of life

The pigmy Raping, whose invasions vex

The private scene, that hides his head minute

From human justice, it is thine to end;

A

And thine, the I can conquer that lifts to heaven

Their plucked hair and laugh at laws; to thee

WAR ELEGY;

BETTER SUITED TO OUR CIRCUMSTANCES
THAN THE WAR ELEGIES OF TYRTÆUS.

FOUNDED ON A RECENT TRAGICAL FACT.

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In the preceding poem I have endeavoured to show a general picture of the calamities occasioned by war. But a general picture is not perhaps calculated to produce upon the majority of minds, so lively an impression, as a detached scene of individual distress. Such a scene is exhibited in the following little piece, a scene which, as it was the actual effect of an existing war, and bears therefore unapologetically the colour of truth, I conceived to be no unsuitable supplement to a performance, which aims to delineate, with strict fidelity, the dreadful features of war in general. A subject, which needs no help from imagination to route and agitate the breast; a subject, upon which fact surpasses all the powers of fiction, and veracity is poetry. While the reader contemplates the image of misery which these lines place before him, he has only to reflect, that instances of similar agony, though not all attended with circumstances of equal horror, are more than can be numbered in every country that is at war, in order to feel

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that strong and uncontrollable abhorrence of this most heinous of human crimes, which will suffer no man to keep a guilty silence while it is perpetrating before him. I have broken mine: and while the discharge of a duty has set my conscience at ease, the vent of an indignation it could not contain has somewhat relieved my heart. Let but a few of those, who are able to speak with more effect, add their voice, and "the flame of sacred vehemence*," which this cause is adapted to kindle, will be communicated to the general breast; and they who have been hitherto dead in moral indifference, the "dumb things" in society, "will be moved to sympathise*," and find a tongue to reprobate a practice, insufferable to all who are awakened to the slightest reflection and feeling.

* *Comus.*

WAR ELEGY.

O'ER once the haughty baron's house of war,
Now to a country's dreary jail decay'd,
Whose ruin frowns on yon tall hill from far,
The dead of night had thrown its deepest shade :

Hush'd lay the captive foes of angry law ;
Loud clanking chains the ear no longer fill ;
Oblivion bless'd the hopeless felon's straw ;
And Mis'ry's mad, inebriate mirth was still.

But one there was whose lids refus'd to close ;
More greatly curst, one daughter of Despair,
Who wildly thus pour'd forth her sleepless woes
Thro' the deep silence of the midnight air :—

“ 'Tis well — 'tis well :—my forest ill is o'er :—
Thou little wretch, that caus'd my keenest pain,
Shalt raise thy piteous looks to me no more,
For food my utmost efforts fail'd to gain !

Come, kill the mother who her child has kill'd*
 Haste, righteous judges, and avenge the deed!
 Yes, men of justice, I've for ever still'd
 The raging famine that I could not feed.

Death, to thy gate I come at last for aid!
 I knock'd at others, and they gave me none:
 'I and my babe are perishing,' I said;
 Me and my babe they sternly bad Begone!

Friend of the poor! an outcast wretch receive!
 From woes the wealthy will not, thou wilt save!
 Thy kinder hand shall all my wants relieve:—
 No hunger gnaws us in the easy grave.

No mother o'er her starving infant there
 Her empty hands with raving anguish wrings!
 What was it brac'd this heart such pangs to bear?
 How came ye not to crack, ye iron strings?

* The poor woman, having lost her husband in the war, and having implored relief at several doors in vain, in the town of Liverpool, in a fit of desperation, took her child (about three years old) in the public street, and dashed its head against the wall: immediately surgical aid was called, but in vain. Upon opening the body of the child, the surgeon gave it as his opinion, that its stomach had not received food for three days before. The miserable mother is committed to Lancaster Castle.

Taken from the Cambridge Intelligencer, August 15, 1795.

Bread?—sweetest suppliant—ask it not of me—

The last, last crumb I had, has *long* been gone:
Come, shall I lift thee up, and let thee see,
That shelf thine eager gaze devours, has none!

Oh, take those craving, cruel eyes away;

Look thus at them, who feast on sumptuous fare:
Yonder they sit!—the loaded boards survey!—
Carry those asking eyes, pale sufferer, there.

“Murd’refs!”—’Tis false:—did *I* the murder do!

Say not ’twas *I* that stain’d the walls with gore:
Ye hard, unmelting sons of Wealth, ’twas you!
In vain I wept for succour at your door.

Ye would not let my little cherub live;

Rocks!—ye refus’d to lend it longer breath:
A mother gave it all she had to give—

Gave it a beggar’d mother’s blessing—DEATH!

Heav’ns!—how I strove my innocent to save!

Till my worn spirit could no longer strive;
No more endure to hear the breath I gave
All spent in cries for bread I could not give!

For three long days my wond'rous patience bore
Those ne'er to be forgot, heart-piercing cries;
Bore to behold the pining looks implore—
Bore the dumb hunger of the hollow eyes!

For joy a child is born into the world,
Delirious mother, that her pain forgets!
Mine out again this hand in mercy hurl'd!
My bounding heart with juster transport beats!

Here what but wolves, but fierce destroyers dwell?
They tore my husband from my helpless side,
And, when the father in their battles fell,
A little bread his famish'd babe denied.

When Surfeit swells while wasting thousands die,
When Riot roars amidst surrounding groans,
Whence springs the patience of the quiet sky?
What keeps ye silent, ye unruffled stones?

Farewel, thou dreary scene of want and woe!
The poor to dust where hard oppressors grind;
Force seas of blood and seas of tears to flow,
And revel in the torments of mankind!

My fellow-victims! that so calmly lie,
 Nor join the vigils these parch'd eyes must keep,
 Forgetful each of all his misery,
 I also, found as you, shall shortly sleep.
 Fly, my deliverers!—hither wing your way!
 Come, in your robes of beauteous office, come!
 And you, ye brightest sun-beams, deck the day,
 That to her rest a weary wretch shall doom."

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THE
ART OF POETRY,
ACCORDING TO THE
LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

BY
Sir SIMON SWAN, Baronet.

WITH ADDITIONS.

Munus et officium *scribendi reſtè* docebo :
Unde parentur opes : quid alat, formetque Poëtam :
Quid deceat, quid non : quo virtus, quo ferat error.

HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE EDITOR

THE manner in which the following Poem
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THE manner in which the following Poem fell into my hands, was this. Being lately upon a visit to the illustrious author, at his country seat, where the polite studies, that have been the ornament and solace of his life, afford a serene and elegant delight to the evening of his days, I had the pleasure of frequent conversations with him upon the fine arts, and more especially Poetry; to which Sir Simon professed to have paid his chief attention, and upon which I was principally desirous to profit by his superior knowledge, being myself ambitious of obtaining one little “sprig of laurel” by the assiduity of my court to the Muses. I

expressed my own opinion of the requisites for acquiring the honours of a poet, with the warmth of one, eager to recommend himself to the patronage of so great, and the esteem of so wise a man ; when, judge, gentle reader, of my surprise, to perceive his features gradually relaxing into a smile as I went on, and, by the time I had made an end of my enthusiastic effusion, his sides actually began to shake. Upon inquiring into the cause of a mirth so mortifying to my pride, he gave me to understand, as soon as his countenance had recovered its accustomed composure, that my sentiments upon the subject in question were exceedingly obsolete, and that the path to poetical celebrity was very different now from what it had been. Surprised at this intelligence, I begged the favour of him to make me acquainted with the new way ; that, if I found it passable by me, I might strike into it, or, if not, might at least

escape the vexation of unavailing efforts in an
 erroneous direction. He replied, that, having
 been consulted upon the same subject by many
 besides myself, he had been at the pains to draw
 up his instructions in the form of a poem, which
 it had been his intention to publish, but that
 the indolence of his nature had hitherto suffer-
 ed it to lie quietly in his scrutoire. On my
 testifying an eager curiosity to see it, he oblig-
 ingly put it into my hand. Having read it
 through, which I did in his presence, and ac-
 knowledged the complete correction my mis-
 takes had received from it, I could not avoid
 expressing my regret that he should have locked
 up so much useful light; and earnestly intreat-
 ed him, instead of burying it any longer in his
 drawer, like a lamp in a sepulchre, to suffer its
 "directive ray*" to stream forth upon the
 path of all benighted travellers in search of

* Thomson.

poetic fame. To this he answered, that he was too idle to give himself any farther trouble about it; that, if I thought it worth my acceptance, I was heartily welcome to it, and might do with it what I pleased. For the use I have made of it, I flatter myself that I am entitled to the warmest thanks of all inexperienced students of the tuneful art, who may be in danger of throwing away their time in romantic aspirations after the “*mens diviniore*”^{*} and “*os magna sonaturum*”^{*}, so totally unnecessary to their success.

* Horace.

was too idle to give himself any farther trouble
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THE
ART OF POETRY.

I have made of it a shorter work than I am
entitled to it, and I have made it so short
that it may be

Dost thou aspire to Fame's high fane to climb,
And win the steep ascent by favour'd rhyme?
Awhile thy bold, ambitious footsteps stay,
And learn from Wisdom's bearded lips the way.

To win the awful CRITIC's learned praise,
This fundamental law must guide the lays :
Let letter'd Toil her sinews chiefly strain,
Faults to escape, not beauties to attain.
Small is their number who can taste delight
In strength of genius and exalted wit.
Most critics, a phlegmatic, icy race,
To cold correctness give perfection's place ;
And, when the Nine a prophet's rage inspire,
Shrink from the blaze, as fishes shrink from fire,

By them the page with highest laud is crown'd
 Where fewest stains, not brightest tints, are found:
 Nor can they see the smallest lack of merit
 In him, whose only fault is want of spirit.
 Careless of raptures then, correctly write:
 'The dullest work, if well revis'd, is wit.
 Like mother-brutes, long leaning o'er their young,
 With* neck curv'd backward, and with plastic
 tongue,
 Whose lambent touches gently stroke their hairs,
 Till soft as silk each lubric hide appears;
 Fond turning back, let classic Labour lie
 Reclining o'er her cub, and long apply
 Her patient love in licking every line,
 Till all lie roundly smooth, and in full sleekness
 shine.

Would'st thou the SENTIMENTAL tribes en-
 gage,
 To hang enchanted o'er thy magic page;
 Although thy secret soul should dance and sing,
 Blithe as the birds whose notes salute the spring;

* ——— illam teresi cervice reflexam

Maledicti alternos, et corpora fingere lingua. Vixit.

Though at thy side mirth's sportful goddess stands,
Along with Nature shouts and claps her hands,
And, breathing all her deity, supplies
Jests to thy lips, and laughter to thine eyes;
Although, the merriest of the Muse's sons,
Thou sing the liveliest catch to Oxford's gowns
Or dance at Baïæ, gayest of the gay;
Yet, when you write, let *sorrows* shade the lay!
Still, in your song, a deep dejection wear;
Dismiss each smile, and pour the tuneful tear:
Appear some wretch, whom cruel stars pursue,
Whom Peace and Joy have had a long adieu:
As deep Despair had breath'd it, let the strain,
In each smooth line, harmoniously complain.
Oh! nought so moving as the bard who tells
Of some deep wound his stricken bosom feels!
(Unseen the roundness of his prosperous face,
Its sleek contentment, and vermilion grace),
Who, in his lines that querulously flow,
Wears the pale look of interesting woe!
And seems, from the keen throbbings of his grief,
To seek, in lenient song, a soft relief!
Who tells you not, by what peculiar stroke
Of stern Adversity, his peace is broke;

But darkly sings of undefin'd distress,
That leaves quick Fancy ample scope to guess,
And the drear blank of misery to fill
With shapes and hues as dismal as she will !
Let others, as their changing moods inspire,
With alter'd fingers sweep the various lyre;
Thou never cease the mournful note to pour,
Sweet to the lover of the melting hour ;
Who sooth'd shall hail thee, as thy lines he reads,
The Philomela of the letter'd shades !

Learn next, if ears POLITE you burn to gain,
What canons must direct th' obedient strain.

Let Fancy all her loftier flights forbear,
And each minuter beauty make her care.
The courtly reader's finely structur'd eye
Sees only coarseness in sublimity :
And, all too weak e'en Beauty's form to gaze,
Let's fairy Prettiness usurp her praise.
Like a trim garden should thy song appear,
Nought great or bold must find admission there :
No forests swell, no mountains pierce the sky,
No giant-scenes impress with awe the eye,

But little flowers in nicest order grow,
O'er neat parterres, a blooming rare show !
And flattest plots of shortest grass be seen,
Smooth as the velvet's fur each downy green ;
Where Toil has all her proofs of patience shown,
How oft her hand the level plain has mown,
And dragg'd her lumbering roller up and down. }

Passion be sure avoid : no gentle ear
The shock of aught so boisterous knows to bear.
Would'st thou the truly polish'd reader please,
Let him peruse you at his utmost ease.
No bursts of ecstasy must break his rest ;
Rude is the muse that agitates his breast :
His placid soul let all your lays compose ;
Oh ! ne'er so roughly use him, as to rouse !
One peaceful tenour must the numbers keep,
And sweetly lull him into classic sleep.
Stirr'd by no gusts, let all the unruffled lay,
In easy flow, pursue its quiet way :
Soft, soothing thoughts serenely roll along,
In glib and elegantly languid song :
Ne'er must the headlong stream impetuous pour,
Ne'er with the torrent's thundering fury roar ;

But smooth as lakes the glossy numbers glide,
Without one wrinkle in the polish'd tide.

Blest is the bard, when Wisdom's prompting
voice

To an auspicious subject guides his choice.

The courtly favour sheds its warmest beam
On him whose muse selects the *coldest* theme:

Where, like a winter's sun, refulgent wit
Flings o'er the frosty page a lifeless light.

Oh! sing not thou, in animated lays,
Immortal Truth's, or radiant Virtue's, praise!

Such ardent splendours dart a scorching ray,
To tender sight intolerable day!

In thy more calm and gelid verse, be shown
The mineral glories of a sparkling stone!

Or, if thy Muse the soft ambition move,
To sing, in melting lays, the fires of love;

Paint not those flames, in human hearts that rage,
And furious war with Peace and Reason wage;

Such fires as prey'd on burning Sappho's rest,
Or fiercely glow'd in Eloisa's breast:

Nor let thy muse attempt the feather'd loves;
Too hot a theme "the passion of the groves:"

Oh! let her, in a yet more temperate lay,
 On purer sexual joys her powers essay;
 And sagely tell, in cool, botanic strains,
 "The amorous tumults in a POPPY's veins*!"

What though some few there are, whose souls of
 fire

Ask generous frenzies of the heavenly lyre;
 Among the flowers, at Fancy's call that rise,
 Who view her snow-drops with disdainful eyes;
 The pallid leaf whose scornful lips accuse,
 As little good for pleasure or for use;

* In reading the manuscript in the presence of Sir Simon, when I came to this passage, I took the liberty of objecting to it, that, although the subject of the poem, to which he here alluded, was certainly chosen with extraordinary felicity (if the prevailing taste in poetry were such as he represented it), yet that the learned and ingenious author of it appeared to me to have corrupted the purity of dispassionate song, and disturbed the serenity of the fashionable reader, by an uncommon portion of the base alloy of pathos and poetic fire. Sir Simon assented to the justice of my objection; and acknowledged that he was far from considering that admired performance as a model of the somniferous poetry, believing that no one who had taken it up had been able to enjoy a quiet nap over it, on account of the continual recurrence in it of stimulating passages of a singularly pungent nature; and that it was merely the consummate and matchless excellence of the *subject* which merited to be proposed as an object of emulation to the modern bard.

—*Note by the Editor.*

And scarce the icy blossoms deign to call,
 Such glowless things they think 'em, flow'rs at all,
 Yielding no raptures or to sight or smell,
 Nor rich in sweets to store the honied cell,
 Round which the vernal bee successless flies,
 And joyless leaves with light, unloaded thighs?
 Yet heed not thou such critics' heated dreams,
 Who rave of beauties born of burning themes;
 While polish'd crowds, with chaster taste, require
 A placid song, and innocent of fire.
 Let others pant beneath the classic line,
 Where fierce Apollo's sultry glories shine;
 Thou hot Parnassus' sun-burnt summit quit,
 And woo the Muse that reigns o'er cooler wit;
 The Muse that, all Diana-like, retreats
 To shady founts that shun the summer-heats;
 Where a refreshing chilness reigns around,
 And not one gleam of warmth profanes the frigid
 ground!

To thee thy Muse shall affluent laurels bring,
 If up the mount on *mathematic* wing.
 Fastidious Surfeit, tir'd of one dull round,
 Where only smiling shapes are to be found,

Delights to see the sweet, harmonious art,
 A grace to forms, devoid of grace, impart,
 Suit technic knowledge to the polish'd throng,
 Make plainest arts look liberal in song,
 Poetic hues on things prosaic lay,
 And bend rebellious themes to Beauty's sway.
 Let not the landscape's gay and bloomy scene
 Wear, in thy lines, the lovely robe of green;
 Nor be the crimson pomp of morn thy theme,
 Nor mellow languish of the lunar beam;
 Nor youthful freshness of love-kindling May,
 Nor yellow charms that deck the year's decay:
 From all the forms of Fair avert thy muse;
 Without the world of Grace an image chuse;
 On *that* thy powers of decoration try,
 And absent Venus, in thy song, supply.
 With clear description let the labouring strain
 Some curious engine curiously explain!
 Or, 'bove all other names thy name to raise,
 And heat to ecstasy the reader's praise,
 Sweep with a daring hand the sounding string,
 And the MECHANIC POWERS sublimely sing
 The Wheel and Axis tunefully display!
 Balance the Lever in the steady lay!

Soaring to heights no muse before e'er flew,
 Paint the retentive vigour of the Screw!
 Th' obscurer workings of the Wedge rehearse,
 And bid the Pulley lift its weights in verse!
 Or else resound, with yet diviner rage,
 Some complex diagram from Euclid's page!
 Sheath in mellifluent lines the corner'd squares,
 That the sharp angles may not hurt our ears:
 Sleek prickly Science o'er with silken phrase,
 Clothe all her points in soft alluring lays,
 And show, how Music's sweetly winning pow'r,
 "Smooths till it smiles" the most ungracious lore!

Would'st thou to a yet prouder summit raise
 The soft renown of unimpassion'd lays,
 Bid the bold frenzy of BURKE's ireful page,
 Lull'd in thy mollient rhimes, forget to rage!
 With notes, whose magic rivals Orpheus' fame,
 His vigorous rhetoric's tiger-fierceness tame*!
 Their snakes soft hissing, let the Furies wear,
 In thy meek verse, a mild and lamb-like air!
 There, let the dogs of war attune their throat,
 And bark for blood, with small and puppy note!

Like *Bottom, child of Shakespear's mirthful art,
 Like gentle Bottom, play the lion's part!
 And, lest the sound the ladies' hearts should quail,
 Roar like "a sucking dove," or warbling nightin-
 gale!

If thy bold muse be bent to lend some zest
 To strains that lull the slumber-loving breast,
 Ambitious still to prove, how sweetly chimes
 Phrenetic zeal with calm and harmless rhimes,
 A furious war let wild, polemic Rage
 With all the letter'd friends of Freedom wage:
 And with a schoolboy's hand, and bigot's fire,
 Strike the deep grumblings of thine angry lyre †!
 In lowliest verse, that humbly creeps along,
 Nor once aspires to flight, a reptile song,
 Such groveling, springless, unexulting lines,
 As court a modest fame in magazines;
 Emit a copious tide of rank abuse:
 With venom arm thy wing-unfurnish'd muse:
 Give to the worm of wit the serpent's gall,
 And let it hiss, and bite, as well as crawl.

* Midsummer Night's Dream.

† And with a master's hand and prophet's fire

Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. GRAY.

Ten thousands deem, no quill can e'er supply
 So sweet an eloquence as calumny !
 No grace, like foul reproach, adorns a page ;
 And party, far exceeds poetic rage !
 Then be the bays, that round thy brows are worn,
 A wreath of poppies mixt with prickly thorn !
 As artful cooks compose a savoury dish,
 By sauce's aid, of tasteless eggs and fish,
 Strong censure seasons thus insipid lays,
 Pricks the dull taste, and spurs it into praise !
 Thou, in this Lent of song, a verse prepare,
 In acrids rich, of genial flavours spare :
 With rancour's spice, the mental palate hit,
 A feast of scandal 'midst a fast of wit.
 And (for long rhimes fatigue a costive brain)
 Of small dimension be the meager strain ;
 While amplest notes, with swelling drapery,
 Dress the lean song, and plumper size supply :
 Let Greek and Latin, proudly scatter'd there,
 In learned pomp, to charm the schools, appear :
 That e'en thy foes may own, in anger's spite,
 Thou hast a power to read, if not to write.
 Last, as the master-stroke to win thee fame,
 In cloud and darkness veil thine awful name

That thou, like shrouded Junius, may'st be sought,
 Proclaim, like Junius, none shall find thee out!
 Though in all else unlike, with him defy,
 And, by defying, draw, the curious eye!
 Thus may a homely Muse, that lusts to gain
 The Public's love, with "cheeks of sorry grain*,"
 Force some small notice of her, if she try
 This wily trick of letter'd coquetry.
 So, void of beauty's lure, the rustic maid
 Pierces, compell'd to shifts, the thicket's shade;
 And, to provoke the swains to amorous chase,
 Tells them they ne'er shall find her hiding-place.
 Thus, though thy *page* erect no "lofty rhyme,"
 At least thy *person* may become sublime.
 Sublimity, as critic pens have shown,
 Of solemn shadows loves to frame her throne:
 What moves but laughter, when to view unveil'd,
 Oft strikes with awe, or wonder, while conceal'd:
 Screen'd by the wainscot, e'en a scratching mouse
 May spread alarm throughout a coward house:
 E'en slumbering, eastern kings have pass'd for great,
 Lolling, invifible, in pillow'd state:
 And, thus, in thee shall grand effect be found,
 Wrapt with the majesty of mystery round.

But if, without the aid of wrathful fire,
 To rouse the placid tribe, thy muse aspire;
 One only way there is, in which your art
 May sweetly agitate the gentle heart:
 E'en listless fair ones shall from languor wake,
 And o'er the lines with pleasing terror shake,
 If there the lovely tremblers may peruse
 The harsh, coarse horror of a GERMAN muse.
 Let hideous Superstition frame the base,
 On which the wildly dismal tale you raise:
 Let ghastliest forms, pale ghosts, and goblins grim,
 Form of your verse the terrible sublime!
 Paint the dire skeleton, uncloth'd with skin,
 With grave-worms crawling out and crawling in!
 All hell's red torches in the numbers shine,
 And fiends on horseback gallop through the line.
 Besides superior skill in framing lays,
 Where beauties, of this pleasing lustre, blaze,
 To help the song and make its charm complete,
 Must various other excellencies meet.
 The first and chief, on which the needy verse
 Leans for support, is excellence of *purse*.

He that on letter'd Glory's list would blaze,
 Must first be seen to bask in Fortune's rays;
 In his blest pages countless charms conspire,
 Whose title-page contains that charm, Esquire;
 But if, by kings enrich'd, illustrious blood
 Roll through the man of rhyme its noble flood,
 Heav'n's ! in the verse, what matchless beauty

What fancy flashes ! and what music flows !
 Alas ! no laurels wait his hapless lines,
 In whom no splendour but of genius shines !
 Fame's lofty fane, like mighty Cæsar's hall,
 How loud so'er the knock of Merit call,
 Is clos'd to them a "damag'd coat*" that wear,
 "For, ah ! no damag'd coat can enter there*."
 The laurell'd modern is no garreteer,
 Condemn'd to breathe, thro' fractur'd panes, the air;
 Doom'd, for his daily bread, his brains to rack,
 Want in his face, and meanness on his back;
 But a sleek, filken, powder'd, parlour-bard,
 Whom splendid walls from skies' inclement guard;
 Whose easy breast the smiling pleasures sooth;
 Whose path thro' life is, like his numbers, smooth:

* Beattie's Minstrel.

A handsome standish steeps the favour'd quill,
 That woos the willing Sisters of the hill;
 With ready steps the tuneful ladies come,
 Proud to be ask'd into so fine a room!

Nor verdant Pindus, nor Parnassus' shades,
 Nor Aganippe's fount, delay the maids.

While their trim votary builds his lofty rhimes,
 An elegant undress adorns his limbs!

Across a sumptuous carpet's flowery pride,
 When swol'n with wit, he takes his ampler stride!

Or, while reclin'd he calmly moulds his strains,
 A costly desk his pensive weight sustains!

While, from his pen as the rich stanzas flow,
 The sparkling words on gilded paper glow!

To win the applauses of the courtly throng,
 The *Press* must lend its aid to deck the song.

The printer much improves the poet's praise;
 And sure the stationer should share the bays.

A beauteous shape when all the letters wear,
 More beauteous still the words and thoughts ap-
 pear:

And when fine writing and fine paper join,
 Each reader deems the writing super-fine!

Two senses, (sages say) together blest,
 Lend to each other's joys a livelier zest :
 By Delia's side if Strephon scent a rose,
 He thinks her cheek with lovelier blushes glows !
 While at the festive board he tastes the wine,
 Who owns not Dignum's festive notes divine ?
 Each schoolboy relishes that apple best,
 Which to his eye presents the ruddiest breast ;
 And, when all o'er with golden surface spread,
 With double glee devours his gingerbread.
 So when a comely print regales the sight,
 The ear receives from verse increas'd delight ;
 More smoothly seems to flow the smoothest song,
 When o'er smooth leaves the numbers slide along ;
 While rough and rumbling runs the hapless lay,
 That holds, through coarser sheets, its rugged
 way.

T' ensure the piece, on splendid shelves, a place,
 Theauteous numbersauteous plates must grace.
 Clear is the path to each politer heart,
 Let but the graver's back the poet's art :
 For when the pen and style their strokes unite,
 Who can withstand the rich, the full delight ?

Seek not, by one lone art, your wit to show,
When you can use the utterance of two.
'Tis not enough, the poet's pictures rise,
By language colour'd, to the mental eyes;
Each sager bard, to aid the Muse's voice,
Her silent sister's eloquence employs.
When his bright dreams have first essay'd to find,
By words, a passage to the reader's mind,
Lest at that entrance they should not get in,
That they another way may haply win,
A form more palpable the visions wear,
And to the raptur'd eye of sense appear!
So, in the pretty books, whose gilded lid
Rewards good boys who do as they are bid,
Soon as each little tale, by letters' aid,
The hero's worth has happily pourtray'd,
As happily, his answering person, put,
Close by the letter'd portrait, in a cut,
With upright state, and spruce three-corner'd hat,
Pops on the eye, all opportune and pat!
"See, here he is!" the Muse of history cries:
The infant scholar feels his raptures rise!
And, pleas'd from letters to obtain release,
His glistening eyes long fasten on the piece.

When all the sculptor's magic art is shown,
 And life seems breathing in the mimic stone,
 When each smooth limb with just proportion
 swells,
 And beauty's self in each sweet feature dwells,
 Though to some temperate and abstemious eyes
 The chissel's toil an ample feast supplies,
 Yet who shall count the numbers who opine,
 Imperfect is the statue's faultless line,
 And, if 'twere painted, 'twould be twice as fine?

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 15, line 8; for *pensive*, read *pensive*.

16, — 12, for *bled*, read *bleed*.

26, — 7, for *phantom*, read *shadow*.

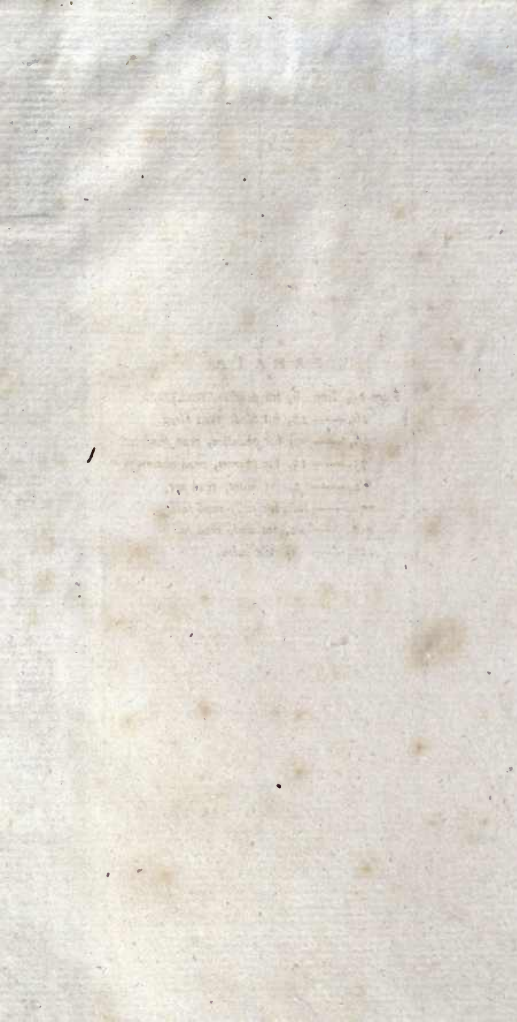
75, — 15, for *charms*, read *chains*.

94, — 4, for *heart*, read *art*.

101, — last, for *full*, read *full*.

116, — 22, for *and*, read *to*.

117, — 1, dele colon.



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